

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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No. 117.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1819.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his original Correspondence: collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic Sources.—Illustrated with portraits, maps, and military plans. By William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts. London, 1819. Vol. 3. 4to. pp. 665.*

The third and concluding volume of this very able work has just issued from the press, the author having very nearly redeemed a pledge rarely fulfilled, by finishing a literary undertaking of great magnitude within three months of the time originally specified to the public. The first volume was reviewed, and a summary of its contents given, in No. 67 of the Literary Gazette (May 2, 1818,) and the second received the same attention from us on its appearing in August following, for which we refer to our paper of the 15th of that month, No. 82. This brought down the history to arrangements for the campaign of 1710, and the present volume commences with the preceding proceedings of the first parliament which met after the Union, on the 16th of November 1708, when Sir Richard Onslow, a moderate Whig, was voted to the Chair.

Never did the turmoils of party run higher than at this period, and it affords a melancholy example of the cares which attend alike on ministers and those ambitious of office, to hear such a man as Godolphin complaining that "a life of a slave in the galleys is Paradise in comparison of mine!" and Marlborough longing for a quiet retirement, rather than to "be the greatest man England ever had!"

In the beginning of 1709, Marlborough paid a short visit to England, where the Queen received him with coldness, and he had an opportunity of witnessing the growing influence of Mrs. Masham, and the declining favour of his own Duchess. What added to his embarrassments, was the conviction, that, notwithstanding their coalition, the new whig ministry were still jealous both of him and of Godolphin. On his return to Holland, negotiations for peace were formally carried on, and preliminaries agreed to, which the King of France immediately rejected. The Barrier Treaty was then concluded among the Allies, contrary to the advice of the Duke; and preparations

were made for opening the campaign. The French army, under Villars, was more numerous than could have been expected, as "famine and misery drove crowds to the camp, and verified the unfeeling remark of Louis, that hunger would compel his subjects to follow his bread waggons." The Allies were, however, rather stronger. After various able movements, the siege of Tournay was undertaken, and in 21 days the town surrendered to Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

Of the mining resorted to, in order to subdue the citadel, a dreadful description is given.

The miners frequently met and fought with those of the enemy, and sometimes the troops mistaking friend for foe, killed their fellow soldiers; sometimes whole companies entered the mines at the very moment when they were ready primed for explosion. They were often inundated with water, suffocated with smoke, or buried alive in the cavities, and left to perish; and on some occasions whole battalions were blown into the air, and their limbs scattered to a distance, like lava from a volcano.

Dumont's military history contains many particulars of contests in these infernal labyrinths.

On the 15th, (says the Author) M. de Surville made a sally, and drove the besiegers from a post they had taken; but being repulsed, and 150 men taking possession of the lodgment, the enemy sprung a mine, blew them all into the air, and overturned all the gabions. In the night, between the 16th and 17th, there happened a long and fierce combat in the mines, which ended at last in favour of the besiegers. On the 20th, M. de Surville caused a wall to be blown up which hung over a sap, and thereby smothered a captain, a lieutenant, thirty soldiers, and five miners.

On the 26th, an inhabitant of Tournay went to the Earl of Albemarle, and offered to discover one of the principal mines of the citadel, on condition he would make him head gaoler of all the prisons in Tournay: this was agreed to, and the man performed what he had undertaken, so that 300 men were posted in the mine, and 800 in the town ditch to support them; but in the middle of the night, M. de Megrigny sprung two mines, one immediately under the large mine, in which all the 300 men before-mentioned were stifled; the other threw up part of the ditch, and buried a hundred men.

Notwithstanding this determined defence, however, the citadel speedily surrendered on the 3d of September, and left Tournay, a very important city covering Spanish Flanders, in the hands

of the Allies. The famous battle of Malplaquet ensued on the 11th of the same month. It is well described, but being also well known, we refrain from any extract or analysis. The siege and capture of Mons was the next operation of the war. In this siege an honourable anecdote of the Duke of Argyle is copied from a singular book, "The Memoirs of Mrs. Christian Davies," usually called Mother Ross, who served as a common soldier in an English regiment of horse, till her sex was discovered, in consequence of a wound she received. The Duke, it seems, joined an attacking corps when it was

Shrinking from the onset; and pushing among them open-breasted, he exclaimed, "You see, brothers, I have no concealed armour, I am equally exposed with you; I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture. Remember, you fight for the liberties of Europe, and the glory of your nation, and shall never suffer by my behaviour; and I hope the character of a Briton is as dear to every one of you." This spirit animated the soldiers, the assault was made, and the work was carried.

The contemporary operations on the Rhine and in Spain, not being of so much interest to our readers, we pass them over, only noticing the defeat at Pultowa, of Charles XII. who had personally distinguished Marlborough in such a way as to render his Grace deeply sensible of his misfortune. At home, the Whigs got the last department of State into their power, by forcing Lord Orford into the Admiralty; the Queen continued to quarrel grievously with the overbearing Duchess of Marlborough, and to hate the party the more as she feared them, while the Duke himself increased her alienation and alarm, by asking to be created General for life, an office unknown to the Constitution. His return to London, however, in November 1709, was still popularly triumphant. But the period had now arrived when the proud fabric of glory and security, reared by the union of this consummate warrior with the Whigs, was about to be overthrown by the jealousy of his Sovereign, the bickerings of party, and the intrigues of the crafty Harley. We shall not pursue the thread of the narrative, which traces the downfall of the Whig Ministry, from the impolitic trial of Dr. Sacheverell, through the appointment of the Duke of Shrewsbury to be Lord

Chamberlain without consulting the Cabinet,—the dismissal of Lord Sunderland,—the defection of Halifax from the Junta,—the disgrace of Godolphin, and appointment of a new Treasury Board, with Harley as Chancellor of the Exchequer,—and, finally, the total removal of the Whig administration, whose own want of union, and jealousies, suffering one after another of their members to be displaced, rendered their fall the more easy to their opponents.

The effect of this change was not only painfully perceptible to the Duke, in domestic affairs and internal policy, but of very considerable injury to the allied cause. Douay was indeed taken, but all the ulterior plan of the campaign of 1710 defeated by the delays and obstacles thrown in the way of this great tactician. He was paralysed, and the enemy inspired; and it was even said, possibly attempts were really made, that the Elector of Hanover should supersede him in the command of the confederates. The Elector, however, wrote to assure him that he should always continue his friend; though it appears that most of his late colleagues were haunted with the idea that he, with the officers in his family, possessed too much power for a subject. To these vexations in the general cause, more nearly touching personal annoyances were abundantly added. The final rupture between the Queen and her quondam favourite had previously taken place at Kensington Palace, when the Duchess, after a weeping passionate interview, being able to obtain no words from her angry mistress but a repetition of "You desired no answer, and you shall have none," most indecorously retorted, with a degree of highly unbecoming violence, "I am confident you will suffer in this world or the next, for so much inhumanity;" which so incensed the Queen, that she withdrew to her closet, saying, "That is my business;" and thus closed their personal intercourse for ever.

From this time the Duchess became as great an object of disgust and aversion, as she had formerly been of favour and affection; and the anxiety of the Queen, to remove from her household so obnoxious an attendant, was one among many other causes, which induced her to accelerate the execution of those meditated changes which had been recommended by her secret advisers.

Indeed we do not wonder at this, for never was private individual nor sovereign condemned to endure so irksome a control, as the Duchess desired to exercise over her royal mistress. Shortly after this grand fracas, all epistolary cor-

respondence ceased between the dear friends Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, as they chose to call each other in days of yore.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DRAMATIC SCORPION. *A Satire. In three Cantos; with Explanatory Notes.* London 1818. 8vo. pp. 71.

The Drama being at present the popular rage, we take up this work, which indeed ought sooner to have received our notice, but we did not much like the title; "*Scorpion*!"—it conveys no idea of honest satire, but of malice and venom. But on perusing it we find the offence is only in the name, for it is very innocent of sting, and might with as much propriety be designated a panegyric as a philippic. Indeed we cannot compliment the author on the execution of his task, which is, both in prose and verse, frequently even ungrammatically incorrect, and in verse has several most atrocious rhymes, without a general force or beauty to atone for them. We find the vulgarity of "lay" for "lie" repeated continually, and many other cockney offences, too tedious to mention. As an example of bad prose, the following from the preface may be quoted:

"Notwithstanding the highest consideration of his own imperfections, he (the author) cannot forbear the strictest observance of the total degeneracy of both poet and actor, when considered not only as the most exalted members of literature, and the decided guardians of the stage, but as combining at once the creative and executive soul of the drama!!

Greater nonsense worse expressed it has not been our lot often to meet with; though it is only fair to state, that this preface does not appear to be written by the Bard, but a friend—par nobile fratrium. Hear the poet, on actors:—

*Alike the best and worst meet public scoff;  
E'en Cooke and Kemble had their "falling off."  
And may not yet oblivion lurk unseen,  
(Ere merit dies) to swallow Young and Keat?  
To make the names of Fawcett, Pope, and Munden,  
(Men long distinguished on the boards of London)  
Less thought of than the Indian Cheat, who strives*

To make us think he swallows swords and knives.

So have we seen, nursed by the genial ray,  
Some fragrant flower its beauteous form display,  
Till the cold finger of stern winter goes  
To bid the transient bloom for ever close.

This is truly foolish enough, and yet we may say—

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.  
Ex. gr. in a well-meant and well-founded tirade against private theatricals, which have indeed been the ruin of many an innocent mind, we learn that

To some old house, down alley, court, or lane,  
Scarce free from vermin, or secure from rain,  
Where the tir'd hack-horse, or the bleating cow,  
Lay sprawling down, to take their night's repose,

The "spouting throng" repair - - -  
Of one of these it is written—

But oh, delightful! all are charmed that hear her  
Stutter the melting strains of "*Belvidera*."

This rhyme is only paralleled by a cut at Mr. Dibdin, who, for dramatizing old novels, is asked

Or why this meanness? Why with metric hammer  
Beat "*Wakefield's Vicar*" into melo-drama?

The rest of the production relates to strolling players, and to the writers for, and actors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. But probably our readers are satisfied with the samples already extracted: we shall add very little more. The annexed note affords some insight into private theatricals:

Among the variety of ruinous customs to which the private votaries of the drama are subject, there is not one that puts honesty to the test so much as the "general sale." It is highly necessary to explain this custom: whenever a play is intended to be produced on the private boards, there is a leading man nominated, who appoints an early period for the sale of the "dramatis personæ," which is done by regular auction; the characters are named, and the highest bidder becomes the purchaser. It is here we witness the most signal effect of ambition; the apprentice boy, unable to accent words with more than two syllables, and able only to set his mark! in the list of names, has the assurance to bid a high price for the first-rate line;—Richard—Hamlet—and perhaps Wolsey!—without the ability to pay for his part, till he has recourse to some illegal means. Money must be had, and the language of their law is,

Get it honest, if thou can'st;  
But—get it.

We conclude with one other extract and note, which we most earnestly recommend to the writer's own peculiar consideration.

— - - - They alone should stand  
Blessed with reward, and nursed by friendship's hand,  
Who boast a genius. All the scribbling tribe  
Who would betray their country for a bribe;  
Who, dead to genius, pass whole years away  
Immur'd in garrets,\* hid from wholesome day,  
In scribbling trash, should feel the mighty blow  
Of lingering want, and unbating woe.

\* There are a kind of characters who have a continual itching for scribbling on some paltry subject, without one spark of genius; and from an idea that they are favourites of the Muse, will quit the pursuits of industry, starve over their useless manuscripts, impair their health for want of cleanliness and exercise, and die at last without a single shilling.

This is very severe, but the author of the *Scorpion* must be too good a judge of its truth to suffer the useful lesson to be read to him in vain.



*A Letter to a Friend of Edmund Kean, Esq. &c. By a Lover of Harmony.* pp. 42.

This is a very ably written pamphlet in reply to the "defence of Mr. Kean," which we noticed in our strictures upon *The Italians* in our last. It is exceedingly ironical, and exceedingly bitter; but what is still worse for Mr. Kean and his defender, it is exceedingly just and altogether unanswerable. With regard to the actor who, in that capacity, attracts so much public attention, this exposition may be considered as called for, though with regard to the poor author of his defence, it is most notoriously "breaking a butterfly on the wheel." We shall not enter into a detail of the arguments so cleverly and cuttingly put, but quote one or two passages as samples of the severe trimming which has been bestowed on Messieurs Kean and Co.

You kindly (says the lover of harmony to the author of the defence) inform us you have "no personal feelings." For this information, I, as well as most of your readers, must feel infinitely obliged; your acquaintance with Mr. Kean would naturally have led us to imagine you had "personal feelings" for that gentleman; you, however, are one of the exceptions to that rule you have laid down in one part of your book, "That Mr. Kean's private virtues will ever secure to him the regard of all those who have the honour of knowing him."

This in vulgar logic would be called a *clencher*. The following is also a fair specimen of the writer's abilities, and more generally applicable:—

I now come to another of your *new sentiments*. Plagiarism is the last thing you can be accused of. You say the actors and actresses had no hesitation in calling Mr. B's a "*beautiful poem*;" and you then go on to remark, that it may be a "*beautiful poem*," yet still not have "*one single requisite towards Dramatic excellence*." If *good poetry* is not one of the requisites towards *Dramatic excellence*, I, as well as many others, have been most egregiously deceived in our ideas of what constitutes dramatic excellence. We have all along been going upon a wrong system, when we have considered good poetry not only as a *requisite*, but as a most *essential requisite* in the constituting *dramatic excellence*. No person of real taste will, in the present enlightened age, deny that *Stage Effect* is far superior to *good poetry*. But I would, nevertheless, have you bear in mind, there are a few, who still feel dissatisfied at seeing *sense* sacrificed to *show and sound*, and who are not yet so far gone in nonsense as to imagine that stage effect is the *whole, sole, and indispensable* requisite towards the formation of a *good Tragedy*; nor is every one so blindly prejudiced in favour of this said Stage effect, as to reckon it either *just or*

*just* to reject a production of genius merely for the want of this one recommendation. You and I, my good friend, are, I know, above these ridiculous prejudices; but we must recollect, that those who are stupid enough to avow these sentiments, are obstinate enough to maintain them. We must not, therefore, imagine, that because these ill-judging and misguided encouragers of the Old School are a comparative few to the many admirers of the New system of Theatricals, we can at any time easily and speedily crush them. No, we must ever be upon the alert to prevent them from insidiously instilling their antediluvian principles into minds equally obstinate as their own, by whose assistance they might hope to restore the old order of things, violently to depose the carpenter and scene-painter from their present situation, and to render them *secondary* objects to the poet.

As we merely desire to tell the public where it can find a very clever pamphlet, we shall not copy the biting lecture given to Mr. Kean to *act* rather than set himself up as a standard of taste, and forsake the cultivation of pot-house connexions as a sure card for popularity instead of good conduct and a modest demeanour; nor the *advice* bestowed on his advocate, if ever he wishes to ruin a man in the public opinion, to

WRITE A PAMPHLET  
IN HIS  
DEFENCE.

Those who take an interest in this controversy, will be much amused with talent displayed by the "lover of harmony."

*Captain Ross's Voyage to Baffin's Bay.*

(Continued.)

In our last we presented our readers with all the intelligence furnished by Captain Ross respecting the red snow and the iron of Baffin's Bay, shewing the former to be vegetable colouring, and the latter of meteoric origin: whereas there is reason to believe that what have been considered by the vulgar of all ages miraculous, and by the scientific of our time remarkable falls of coloured snow, have derived this peculiarity from the atmosphere, and differ entirely from the phenomenon in the North, and similar patches found on Alpine Mountains; and the appearance of these meteoric masses of metal, is one of the most extraordinary occurrences in natural or chemical history. Captain Sabine, we observe, has published a short account of these discoveries, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, &c. but it affords no additional information on the subject; and as Captain Ross's work is the only narrative of the Expedition which will appear (Captain Buchan's as well as Sabine's pro-

jected publications being given up,) it may be understood that no further light will be thrown upon these points till other voyagers explore the regions of sterility and ice.

We have already alluded to the amazing effect upon vision which was produced by the refraction of light in these high latitudes. Distant objects were wonderfully raised by it, and on one occasion it is noticed—

The sun passing in azimuth, served to delineate them on the horizon in a distinct and beautiful manner; the reflections of light on the icebergs were particularly splendid, the emerald, sapphire, and orange, being the prevailing colours.

What a scene to gaze upon for 140 or 150 miles round the spectator, standing in the centre of a circle where his vision embraced a diameter of 300 miles!! Other natural appearances were equally curious, if not equally grand. Here we have a vessel of ice in a boundless ocean of glaciers and optical illusions.

We were (says Captain R.) occasionally visited by fogs, which were, in general, extremely thick, and of a very white appearance, while in the zenith the blue sky was apparent. At this time (Aug. 18, lat. 76° 12') the thermometer is generally at the freezing point; the moment this fog touches the ropes of the ship, it freezes, and these are in a very short time covered with ice, to the thickness of a man's arm, and at every evolution of the ship it covers the deck with its fragments. In the absence of these fogs, we had sometimes the atmosphere most beautifully clear; the objects on the horizon were often most wonderfully raised by the powers of refraction, while others at a short distance from them were as much sunk. The use of the dip-sector was totally suspended, as no satisfactory result could be obtained from it. These objects were continually varying in shape; the ice had sometimes the appearance of an immense wall on the horizon, and here and there a space resembling a breach in it; icebergs, and even small pieces of ice, had often the appearance of trees; and while, on one side, we had the resemblance of a forest near us, the pieces of ice on the other side were so greatly lengthened, as to look like long low islands.

Aug. 21. lat. 76° 32'. Since our leaving Wolstenholme Island, the ice which we met with had assumed a very different character from any we had before met with; it had generally a green tint, and appeared to have been a long time at sea, without, however, being in a state of decay: it was in huge pieces of irregular forms heaped upon each other by some tremendous force, and then frozen together.

Aug. 25th. lat. 76° 10'. It is worthy of remark that the icebergs here were only three-fourths under water, while those to the south were five-sixths.

This singular fact is not explained, and

we are left to conjecture whether it was owing to the greater specific lightness of the water or the lesser specific gravity of the ice.

The furthest N. latitude to which the Expedition penetrated is marked 76° 97', when on the 23d of August they

Successively made out the North and South points of the land across the bottom of a bay, or inlet, which answered Baffin's description of Jones' Sound.

These they named Capes Hardwicke and Caledon, and as a ridge of high mountains was seen to extend quite across the bottom of it, it was determined that there could be no passage in that direction, and they began to beat to the southward.

At eleven p. m. a piece of fir wood was picked up: it had nails in it, and the marks of the plane and adze were also evident. This seems to prove that it must have drifted up the bay, probably by the strong southerly winds. Many seals were seen, and the tracks of bears were visible on the ice in many places.

Otherwise the desolation was extreme—

There was no appearance of vegetation, nor did the land appear habitable; very few birds were seen, and no whales or any other living creatures.

Next day they made fast to the ice.

This position was remarkable for variety in the depth of the water, and quality of the substances at the bottom. When we made fast we had 78 fathoms, soon afterwards we had 160, then 85, then 200, 150, and 185, within a short time of each other; in the shallowest water we had muddy sand and shells; at one time a small piece of coral; at 85 fathoms we had rocky bottom; at 160, stones; at 200, mud; and at 150, mixed blue and grey clay, with worms in it.

The marks of a bear's paws in this region were of extraordinary size: the forepaw measuring fifteen by thirteen inches, and the hind paw twenty by twelve: about a fortnight after, they killed one of these powerful animals.

When the boat was absent, two large bears swam off to the ships which were at the distance of six miles from the land; they fetched the *Alexander*, and were immediately attacked by the boats of that ship and killed; one, which was shot through the head, unfortunately sunk; the other, when he was wounded, attacked the boats, and shewed considerable play, but was at length secured and towed to the *Isabella* by the boats of both ships. This animal weighed 1131½ lbs. besides the blood it had lost, which cannot be estimated at less than 30 lbs. He was sent to the British Museum in excellent order. His length from the snout to the tail was 7 feet 8 inches—ditto, to the shoulder blade, 2. 10: circumference of the body near the fore-legs, 6 feet; ditto, of neck, 3. 2; breadth of forepaw, 10 inches; of hind paw, 8½; height at the fore-shoulder above 4 feet; tail 4 inches, the tusks 1½ inch long.

One of these creatures, to avoid his hunters, plunged from the edge of an icy precipice 50 feet into the sea; another was seen on some loose ice, a hundred miles from land! The other animals observed were black, white, and common coloured foxes, in numbers so considerable as to offer a prospect of a good fur trade, combined with the ivory of the sea-unicorn, and the teeth of the sea-horse and bear. There were also plenty of white hares, and

The natives described an animal which they called *humminick*,\* but said it was too large for them to kill; it has, by their account, a horn on its back, and is very swift, I therefore suppose it must be a rein-deer.† They have also an animal known to both countries by the name of *Ancarok*,‡ but which I cannot find to be mentioned by writers on Greenland. Saccheuse says, it is not uncommon about North-East Bay and Disco Bay, where its cry is continually heard at night. It is very wild, and can seldom be approached, being very active and fierce; the Eskimaux are afraid of it. He says it resembles a cat, but is three times larger, that it moves by jumping more than by running, and lives in holes and caverns in the rocks; that it eats hares and partridges, which it lies in wait for, and catches by springing on them.

The dogs are the only animals domesticated by these Arctic Eskimaux: they are of various colours, chiefly a dark brown; of the size of a shepherd's dog, a head like a wolf, and a tail like a fox. The natives appeared to prefer the black. Weasels and mice seem to finish their known list of animals. Nor are their birds very numerous. The merlin falcon, eider duck, garrot, sea dove, petrel, scuraber, guilemot, diver, tern, and gull, almost exhaust the catalogue. A new species of Gull, called *Xeme*, was discovered, associating with the greater tern, which in its habits it nearly resembles. Of invertebrate animals a few novelties were also found; but as they were not well preserved, we shall not describe them further than by stating generally that they belonged to the *Annelides*, *Crustacea*, *Gasteropoda*, and *Acephela* classes. A gull was shot, 2 feet 5 inches in length, which disgorged a little awkward, and theseawks were in such myriads that they covered the whole surface

of the water, and sometimes the boats killed 1500 in a day for food, commonly bringing down fifteen at a shot.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### BOWDICH'S MISSION TO ASHANTEE.

(Continued.)

By the 7th or 8th September, Mr. Bowdich succeeded in negotiating a treaty with his Majesty of Ashantee, and his friend the King of Dwabim, by which a resident, no enviable situation, at Coomassie was allowed, and Mr. Hutchison appointed to that office. This kingdom of Dwabim is nearly equal to Ashantee, but Mr. B. suspects that it will fall before the superior power and ambitious intrigues of the latter.

The negotiator was now anxious to get away, but was delayed on various pretences, till at length he determined to go without leave, rather than suffer procrastination apparently without end. The following is the account of the attempt to carry this design into execution:

We had scarcely proceeded fifty yards before the gong-gongs and drums were beat all around us, and we were attacked by a crowd of swords and muskets, headed by our house master Aboidwee, who in the first rush seized the luggage and the flag. I felt myself compelled to attempt to regain the flag; and the value of my papers, and the impolicy of being intimidated by the outrage, were also considerations. I begged the officers not to draw their swords till the last moment, and taking the muskets, the butt ends of which cleared our way to the luggage, we fastened on it, with the soldiers, artisans, and our servants, who supported us vigorously. The Ashantees did not attempt to fire, but attacked us only with their heavy swords and large stones. We kept our ground nearly a quarter of an hour, though our belts and caps were torn away, and we frequently fell. At this time, Mr. Tedlie (who had regained his sword, which had been torn from his side) was stunned by a blow on the head, and we were much bruised, and some of the people cut, I contented myself with the recovery of the flag, the sextant, and the papers, and we retired slowly to the house, not expecting they would follow us; but they did so, with a fury which led me to believe they intended our destruction. We posted ourselves in the door-way, and I immediately dispatched the canes by a back way to the King, to tell him we had not yet drawn our swords, but we must do so unless he rescued us immediately. The tumult did not allow expostulation, we had no alternative but to defend ourselves, which the narrow passage favoured. The captain, Aboidwee, who was quite mad with fury and liquor, made a cut at me as I held him from me, which would have been fatal but for the presence of mind of one of the soldiers,

\* Captain Sabine, who seems to have quarrelled with Captain Ross, says there were no traces whatever of reindeer, and translates, through Zaccarius, the description of an animal called *Umikuk*, which he thinks very doubtful.

† Called *Amarok* by Sabine?!!



through which it only grazed my face. We were soon rescued by the presence of Adoo-see, the chief linguist, and Yokokroko, the King's chamberlain, with their retinues. Nothing could exceed their servility: they offered to swear the King was not privy to the outrage, ordered Aboidwee before them, and threatened him with the loss of his head. I told them I knew the King's control, and was not to be treated as a fool; he had forcibly detained us as prisoners, and must take the consequences; I should say no more.

Owing to Mr. Bowdich's firmness, this serious affray, arising out of a new mode of detaining an Ambassador, was compromised without further inquiry. When he did depart, on the appointed day, the King requested him to go no farther than Ogogoo that evening, and the interesting sequel is thus described:

Our exit was a brilliant scene, from the reflection of the glittering ornaments of the King and his captains by the torches; they were seated in a deep and long line, without the palace, accompanied by their retinues; all their bands burst forth together, as we saluted the King in passing, and we were enveloped in the smoke of the musketry. The darkness of the forest was an instantaneous and awful contrast, and the howlings and screeches of the wild beasts startled us as we groped our way, as if we had never heard them before. The torches provided for our protection against them, were extinguished in crossing the marsh, which had swollen to between four and five feet deep, and the descent to it from Coomassie was rocky and abrupt. The linguists and soldiers lost themselves in the forest, and did not arrive at Ogogoo until long after Mr. Tedlie and myself. The inhabitants were asleep, but they rose cheerfully, cleared the best house for us, and made fires. The next morning I received the dash of gold from the King's linguists, in a Mallowa bag, with a long compliment; the conclusion of which was, that I must always be ready to use the same spirit and address, in talking a palaver for the King of Ashantee, as I had shewn in talking that of my own King. This testimony of their good feeling and esteem, which they could not avow whilst we were political antagonists, was grateful.

Marching through Sarra-soo, where we were liberally refreshed with palm wine, we halted in the evening at Assimunia. We were received with great hospitality by the principal man, who provided us with excellent lodging, to his own inconvenience, and presented us with some fowls. The path was almost a continued bog, for the rainy season had set in violently. The next day we marched through Dadasey to Doompassee, and occupied our former comfortable dwelling. One party spent the night in the woods. Thursday morning, the 6th, we had a short but most fatiguing march over the mountains dividing the frontiers, to Moisee, the first Assin town. The difficulty of procuring provisions until the peo-

ple returned from the plantations, detained us in Moisee until four o'clock in the evening. As the stage from Doompassee had been short, (although fatiguing) I determined to proceed to Akroffroom, as we should gain a day by it. The Ashantees remonstrated, knowing the swollen state of the several small rivers, and the aggravated difficulties of the path from the heavy rain; but I was so apprehensive of being detained, by their pleading their superstitious observance of good and bad days for travelling, that I was afraid of seeming to yield to them, lest it might encourage the disposition. I recommended them to go back, and started without them, but they were soon at my heels, declaring, they should lose their heads if they quitted us. Mr. Tedlie, myself, a soldier, and the Ashantee next in authority under the captain, outwalked the rest of the party, and found ourselves out of their hearing when it grew dark. We lost some time in trying to make torches to keep off the beasts, and to direct us in the right track, for we were walking through a continued bog, and had long before lost our shoes. A violent tornado ushered in the night, we could not hear each other holla, and were soon separated; luckily I found I had one person left with me (the Ashantee) who, after I had groped him out, tying his cloth tight round his middle, gave me the other end, and thus plunged along, pulling me after him, through bogs and rivers, exactly like an owl tied to a duck in a pond. The thunder, the darkness, and the howlings of the wild beasts were awful, but the loud and continuing crash of a large tree, which fell very near us during the storm, was even more so to my ear. The Ashantee had dragged me along, or rather through, in this manner, until I judged it to be midnight, when, quite exhausted, with the remnants of my clothes scarcely hanging together, I let go his cloth, and falling on the ground, was asleep before I could call out to him. I was awake by this faithful guide, who had felt me out, and seated me on the trunk of a tree, with my head resting on his shoulder; he gave me to understand I must die if I sat there, and we pursued the duck and owl method once more. In an hour we forded the last river, which had swollen considerably above my chin, and spread to a great width. This last labour I considered final, and my drowsiness became so fascinating, that it seemed to beguile me of every painful thought and apprehension, and the yielding to it was an exquisite, though momentary pleasure. I presume I must have slept above an hour, lifted by this humane man from the bank of the river to a drier corner of the forest, more impervious to the torrents of rain; when, being awake, I was surprised to see him with a companion and a torch; he took me on his back, and in about three quarters of an hour we reached Akroffroom. This man knew I carried about me several ounces of gold, for the subsistence of the people, not trusting to our luggage, which we could not reckon on in such a season and jour-

ney. Exhausted and insensible, my life was in his hands, and infested as the forest was with wild beasts, he might after such a night, without suspicion, have reported me as destroyed by them; this had occurred to me, and was an uneasy feeling as long as my torpor left me any. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and the inhabitants of Akroffroom were almost all asleep, for it was too rude a night for negro revelry; however, I was directly carried to a dry and clean apartment, furnished with a brass pan full of water to wash in, some fruits and palm wine, an excellent bed of mats and cushions, and an abundance of country cloths to wrap around me, for I was all but naked. After I had washed, I rolled myself up in the cloths, one after the other, until I became a gigantic size, and by a profuse perspiration escaped any other ill than a slight fever. A soldier came up about mid-day, and gave me some hopes of seeing Mr. Tedlie again, who arrived soon afterwards, having left his companions in a bog, waiting until he sent them assistance from the town. Our gratification was mutual, for the only trace he had had of me was by no means an encouraging one; my servant meeting an Ashantee in the forest with fragments of my clothes, which he persisted he had not taken from any person, but picked up on his way. Mr. Tedlie (whose feet were cut and bruised much more than mine, and whose wretched plight made him envy the African toga I had assumed) after we had separated, and the storm had drowned our mutual hollas, the howlings of the wild beasts meeting his ears on all sides, had just determined to roost in a tree for the night, when an Ashantee appeared with a torch, and conducted him out of the track to the remains of a shed, where four or five of the people had before strayed and settled themselves. Another party arrived at Akroffroom about four o'clock, and the last, with the Cape Coast linguist and the corporal, not until sun-set; they had lost the track altogether, and spent the whole day, as well as the previous night, in the woods. We made an excellent duck soup, our grace to which was, "What a luxury to poor Mungo Park;" the name recalled sufferings which made us laugh at our own as mere adventures.

Within a few days the travellers were in safety among their friends.

(To be continued.)

### TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

*Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia. By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.*

#### III. TOMBS OF THE LEARNED.

"From the tombs of the saints we proceed to those of the learned men; but instead of describing twelve, we must here confine ourselves to six, namely, three of the law doctors, and three of the poets.

"The great Sheik *Al-bostami*,\* who was born in the year of the Hegira 803 (1400,) and died in the year of the Hegira 875 (1470,) during the reign of Sultan Mohammed II. and who was the author of several learned commentaries on grammatical and theological works, is supposed to have been buried in Brussa; but of this fact some doubts are entertained, for his tomb is also stated to be in the Eyooob Mosque at Constantinople. It is certain, however, that Brussa contains the remains of the great judge *Al-Fenari*,† who on his return from Persia, where he had studied at *Herat*, in the reign of Sultan Mohammed II. was created a professor in the colleges of Sultan Orkhan and Sultan Murad II. and was next appointed judge of Brussa. Under Sultan Bajazet II. he filled, for the space of eight years, the honourable office of military judge of Rumili. He then retired to his native city, and resided during three parts of the year in his country-house on Mount Olympus, and in town during the winter, giving instructions every day in the week, except Tuesdays and Fridays. He died in the year 834 of the Hegira (1430,) and was interred in his college.

"*Khosreff Ibn Khis*, the author of the great work on judicial philosophy, entitled *Durrer u ghurur*, flourished in the age of Mohammed II. He is interred at Brussa beside *Seineddin Haffi*, and the little obscure cell in which he composed the above classical monument of Osmanic jurisprudence, still exists.

"*Mola Khosreff*, the great lawyer, must not be confounded with *Mola Khosreff* the celebrated poet, the author of the Turkish *Shirin*, which he wrote on Mount Olympus, amidst the rustling of pine-trees, and the murmuring of the pure mountain springs, which sweetly resound in his poetry.

"The poet *Khiabi*, that is to say, the *Kingdom of Fancy*, a name which he received from the lofty flights of his imagination, is interred at Brussa, together with *Vassi Ali*, the author of the *Humayunname*, namely, the Turkish translation of the celebrated apoloques, called *Bidpai*, which are regarded as masterpieces of Turkish prose. *Mola Khosreff*, the first romantic poet, and *Vassi Ali*, the first tasteful prose writer of the Osmons, gathered, in the variegated plains of Brussa, the flowers of poetry and rhetoric, with which their immortal works are adorned, and blended in their compositions the superb colouring of Nature's pictures with the music of groves and waterfalls. They spent the happiest of their days while learning and teaching on the summit of Olympus, surrounded by the singing of birds and the murmuring of flutes, and they now repose at the foot of

the mountain, still distributing, in the cold shades of the grave, the fountain of life which flows through their immortal works.

"Having mentioned these six distinguished jurists and poets, who are as celebrated in Osmanic history as the six first Sultans interred at Brussa, the remaining multitude of *Sheiks*, *Muftis*, *Imams* and *Ulemas*, who repose here, are scarce worthy of notice.

"The most celebrated *Sheiks*, or chiefs of orders, buried at Brussa, are as follow: Sheik *Hadshi Khalfu*, chief of the *Bairami* order of the dervises, Sheik *Ali Balhi*, chief of the *Nakshbendi* order of the dervises, and Sheik *Omar Ali*, chief of the *Khalveti* order of the dervises. Sheik *Abdollah Mokadessi*,‡ in the reign of Sultan Mohammed I. came from Konia to Brussa, where he built the monastery of *Seinler*, in which his remains were deposited. Sheik *Kiarsuni*§ is interred opposite to the burial-place of the camel-drivers, in a monastery which was built for him by Sultan Bajazet I.; he was the son of an Armenian Princess, who was married to a Prince of the family of *Akko Kuyunli*.

"There are many learned men of inferior rank to the above, such as *Abdolla Krimi*, who in the reign of Sultan Murad II. was professor at Mersifun, and *Mola Yussuf Bali Ibn Yegan*: they were conjointly authors of a valuable work on the *Telvi*. *Mevlana Elias Ben Ibrahim* was a celebrated short-hand writer. *Abdollah Efendi* and *Hassan Ishlebi*, were learned in the knowledge of traditions, and the art of expounding them. Finally, *Asis Efendi*, the celebrated Mufti and historian of the Osmanic empire, a man of a remarkable talent, but of a singularly ambitious and restless disposition, who in his character of chief officer of the law, for a considerable time disturbed the *Ulemas* and the court by his artifices, and was at length banished to Brussa, where he closed his career and his life. He is interred in the street near the burial-ground of the camel-drivers."

‡ His full name is, Abdollah Mokadessi Ibn Abdor-rahman Ibn Ali Ibn Ghanem Al-Ansari.  
§ Ebu Ishak Ibrahim Kiarsuni.

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR FEBRUARY 1819.

(Continued.)

Art. IV. Discours sur la manière d'apprendre les langues vivantes, &c. Par A. Anaya.

The entire title of the work announces two distinct parts: 1st. A general method for teaching the living languages, and the application of this method to the Italian and Spanish languages; 2d. A treatise on the difficulties which occur in reading the poets of those two nations.

The first part of the work does not appear to answer the title; it contains only general principles, which are laid down in most grammars.

The second part of M. Anaya's work merits the attention of philologists, and

cannot but be very useful to those who study the Spanish and Italian poets.

V. Histoire des Revolutions de Norvege, suivie du Tableau, de l'état actuel de ce pays, et de ses rapports avec la Suede. Par J. P. G. Cateau Calleville.

We have given in our 92d and 93d Numbers such an analysis of this work, that we need only refer our readers to it, merely adding, that the favourable opinion there expressed of these volumes is fully confirmed by M. Daunou in his review.

VI. Codex medicamentarius sive Pharmacopœia gallica jussu Regis optimè et ex mandato summi urum internarum regni administrati, editus à Facultate medica Parisiensi, anno 1818. Parisiis. 4to. pp. 406.

The Faculty of Medicine of Paris publishes under this title a new formulary of medicines. The old one, of which the last edition is of 1758, was out of print. Chemistry had perfected its analyses, extended its discoveries, and changed its nomenclature; medicine had acquired several remedies unknown to our predecessors; it was therefore necessary to recompose a book, which is designed for apothecaries, to regulate the composition of medicines, for physicians to regulate their prescriptions, and for patients to secure them from error and uncertainty. The Government has desired this work of the Faculty, which confided it to a committee, consisting of seven of its members, namely, Messrs. Le-roux, Deyeux, Vauquelin, Richard, de Jussieu, Percy and Hallé, to whom were joined Messrs. Henry, Bouillon, Lagrange and Vallée, and, at the death of the last, M. Cheradame, all of them well-informed men, and capable of co-operating in so interesting a work. Messrs. Bourdet, Guilbert, Duchatel and Baruel, also took part in it. M. Hallé, so distinguished for his knowledge, his sound judgment, and his precision, was the person who digested the whole.

When the new Codex was finished, His Majesty ordered it to be printed, specifying the title which it should bear.

The intention of the authors has been to describe the preparations of pharmacy with such precision as to afford the certainty, that, being executed in the manner prescribed, there would every where result medicines as far as possible perfectly similar.

A French translation of this work is preparing.

(To be continued.)

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

(Continued.)

Here, as in all the rest of Scotland, all the farms are let at a rack-rent, that is to say, to the highest bidder; it is only when

\* His full name is as follows: Mola Sheik Ali Ben Medsheddin Mohammed Ben Mohammed Ben Messud Ben Mahmud Ben Mohammed Ben Mohammed Benol-Iman Fakreddin Mohammed Ben Omar Albostami, Al-hervi, Er-rasi Alkaruni. The number of his works corresponds with the length of his name.

† Mola Aladdin Ali Ben Yussuf Ibn Shemseddin Al-Fenari.



the offers made are equal, that the old farmer and his family have the preference. Leases are made in general for nineteen years, and it is only in particular cases that they are prolonged. No lease can be made for a longer time than thirty-two years.

Fruit trees very seldom thrive in the North of Scotland, on account of the frosts in spring and the cold east winds.

The sheep, which are chiefly kept on the southern mountains of Haddingtonshire, and in very extensive pastures, are covered all over, after being sheared, with a mixture of tar and butter, or oil, by which they are protected from the tick, and kept warm in winter; the growth of the wool also, is said to be promoted by this process.

In the lower grounds, the snow does not lie long, and even on the mountains it seldom lies longer than three weeks: at this time fodder is given to the sheep. The soil of the plain country of Haddingtonshire is clayey. The general alternation of crops is the following:—1 fallow; 2 wheat; 3 beans or peas; 4 barley; 5 grass; 6 oats. At the foot of the mountains, on the contrary, 1 turnips; 2 oats or barley; 3 clover; 4 oats. Turnips are said to thrive better here than in England.

In Scotland there are three different classes of labourers: the hind, the cottager, and the ploughman: the last is unmarried. The first place belongs to the hind. Besides his usual business with the horses, he has to attend to the sowing in spring, and to the corn-mills in autumn; he and the cottager are married servants. A dwelling is allotted to the hind, for which he furnishes a reaper in autumn; he has also a little garden, for which he furnishes from two to four heaps of manure, according to the size of it. His wages consist of nine bolls of oats, three bolls of barley, as many of pease, and food for a cow, the dung of which belongs to his master; who provides the necessary fuel. His whole wages may be worth about twenty pounds sterling per annum.

The sole business of the cottager is ploughing; he receives a dwelling and garden, which he pays for in the same manner as the hind; in order to encourage him to a careful preparation of manure, it is customary, in some places, to give him the first crop of a field for which he has supplied the manure. The entire amount of his wages may be about the same as those of the hind.

The ploughman, or unmarried labourer, has his meals mostly in the house of his master, and sleeps in the stable. His wages consist of eight pounds sterling, and two pair of shoes; half a peck of flax is sowed for him. When he marries he receives the most important articles of household furniture as a present.

The farms in Berwickshire are, for the most part, very considerable. The annual rent is from 30 to 1200 pounds sterling. If the rent is below 30 pounds, it is not called a farm, but a possession.

The usual kinds of manure are lime,

dung, hard and soft marl, and sea-weed, (*Fucus palmatus*.)

Our road lay by the sea-side. Dunbar, eleven English miles from Haddington, is a town containing four thousand inhabitants. The air is said to be very healthy, and there are sea-baths here. The castle is very old; it is said to have existed so far back as the year 859.

The coast consists of basalt rocks, which run to the north, and form, near Berwick, a conical mountain, and in the sea a high rock, which is very remarkable. The sea-shore has a melancholy appearance; the road runs along it for nearly eleven miles, and then it begins to rise. The hills are unfruitful and covered with heath. When you have passed the Press, the land improves; at least we were assured of this, for as we travelled by night we could not judge of it ourselves.

After passing Berwick, you come through a hilly country, and see to the westward still higher mountains, which divide Scotland from Northumberland. The mode of agriculture appeared to me to be the same, and the cultivation is good. There are large farms that have windmills with five sails, which turn themselves in the proper direction.

Near Alnwick the country becomes more pleasant: a pretty long valley, inclosed by mountains, extends eastwards towards the sea. This whole valley, together with the mountains, belongs to the park of the Duke of Northumberland. On the highest mountain there is an obelisk in the middle of a wood of firs, surrounded with meadows and groups of trees. In the middle of the valley you see a little town covered with the smoke of coals; and farm houses surround the park. Opposite to the town, upon a low green hill, lies the old Castle, the appearance of which certainly announces high antiquity; the walls are furnished with little towers. But as soon as you enter the castle yard the illusion vanishes. The building is in the gothic style, but the architecture is modern, except of the tower and the gate. Little figures of armed warriors, which look down from the roof, deform the whole. We were assured that the interior arrangement is magnificent.

On the 9th, we arrived at Newcastle, where our first business was to visit one of the greatest coal mines.\*

Thence we went to the town of North Shields, two English miles distant, which is almost entirely inhabited by sailors employed in the coal trade. This place has a very handsome square, surrounded with pretty houses, which affords a remarkable prospect. You here see where the Tyne empties itself into the sea, and the town of Tynemouth, with its fort upon an eminence. The entrance into the Tyne is dangerous, and it is necessary to keep the left shore. On the right the entrance is stopped by a barrier erected for the purpose, and in the middle, marks are put to warn vessels

\* An account of this visit will be given in the sequel.—Ed.

of the rocks in the channel. On account of this dangerous entrance, a light-house is erected on the heights of Shields, and another, a little farther below, serves as a guide to vessels by night.

Shields may be considered as the port of Newcastle. The largest merchantmen, of 800 or 900 tons burden, can come up here. We were assured that 200 vessels very often sail from Shields in one day.

We hastened to view, before night, which had almost overtaken us, the ships and the life-boat. Among the vessels in the harbour were two brigs.

The life-boat has the form of a common boat. The inside is entirely of cork, to make the vessel as light as possible. It is ten feet in breadth and thirty feet in length, and is made for ten rowers. The pilot sits in a hollow, so that he cannot easily fall. We were assured that, according to numerous experiments, the boat could not possibly upset, and when it is full of water it does not sink. Since it was invented, it has been the means of saving the lives of several hundred persons. Two days before our arrival, a man had owed his deliverance to it, who was the only individual left of the crew of a sloop that had been wrecked in a violent storm. We were told that the sight of this boat, during a storm, which frequently stands an end almost perpendicularly in the open sea, and yet never upsets, is extremely singular.

We returned to Newcastle after dark. Many heaps of coals burning on the roadside gave us light, and had a pleasing appearance.

(To be continued.)

N.B. In the last extract from this tour, p. 232, col. 2, for "families of distinction," read "families of fishermen."

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### OXFORD, APRIL 10.

On Saturday, April 3d, the last day of Lent Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTER OF ARTS.—Rev. Edwin Halled, Fellow of New College.

BACHELOR IN MUSIC.—George Drummond, of Magdalen Hall, Organist at Paddington and Bayswater, Middlesex.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.—William Beresford, of St. Mary Hall.

The whole number of Degrees in Lent Term was—D. Med. one: B.D. three; B.C.L. two; M.A. twenty-three; Bac. Mus. one; B.A. fifty-seven; Matriculations, one hundred and thirteen.

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Determining Bachelors of the Year | 225 |
| of former Years                   | 40  |
| Absentees                         | 53  |

### CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 9.

The following gentlemen were on Friday last admitted Bachelors of Arts: Henry Samuel Livius, of Trinity College; John Mills Arnold, of St. John's College; and Augustine Earle Lloyd Bulwer, of Pembroke Hall.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## SALE OF THE LONDON MUSEUM.

It was with feelings of almost national mortification that we saw in our last Number the advertisement of the approaching sale of that noble collection of natural history and works of art made by Mr. Bullock, and so well known to the public by the exhibitions at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. That specimens of 15,000 species of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, shells, corals, &c. &c. should, after the labour of getting them together in fine and scientific forms, be scattered abroad, is much to be lamented, and our regret would be still stronger did we not hope that the major and better part will find a way into the national repositories in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. Still as a school for the youth of the metropolis, the London Museum was a place unrivalled in its kind, and it is indeed a pity that such a source of instruction and delight should be broken up—we presume, for want of sufficient encouragement.

But our present purpose is not so much to express our sentiments on the dispersion of what cost more than thirty years, and upwards of 30,000*l.* to collect, as to inform our readers in the country and abroad, interested in such sales, in what order, and of what subjects these sales are to be made, so that they may take measures accordingly for the improvement of their private museums. Mr. Bullock, we observe, takes very properly the office of auctioneer upon himself, for no one else could give the necessary general explanations so well, or the particular intelligence respecting many of the articles at all. There is to be no reserve, and it is anticipated that it will require only about twenty days to dispose of the whole, as some of the large cases, containing whole families of one genus, are to be sold without separation, for the benefit of naturalists and their future disposal. The ornithological department is by far the most rich, as our almost exclusive command of the ocean during the period it was formed, filled the country with the most novel and extraordinary specimens from every quarter of the globe; insomuch so, that thousands of them are either almost or entirely unknown to the scientific on the continent, and have not even names in the Linnean classification.

The commencement of the sale is fixed for the 29th instant, at one o'clock, and to continue every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, to the conclusion. Three days' previous view is offered, and the catalogue for the first twelve days, down to the 19th of May, is now before us. Each day consists of from about 100 to 150 lots; and nearly as follows:

April 29. Sculpture, carvings in wood; models in rice, paste, &c.; ivory, marbles, mosaic works, &c.

April 30. Pictures, a few birds in glasses; and the personals of Buonaparte, with other Waterloo spoils.

May 4. Birds, almost all foreign.  
May 5. British Land Birds, and a few British Water Birds.

May 6. British Water Birds.

May 7. Foreign dresses, arms (chiefly South Sea,) and quadrupeds, &c.

May 11 and 12. Shells.

May 13. Shells and Fossils.

May 14. Quadrupeds.

May 18. Birds, mostly foreign, and very rare.

May 19. Foreign Birds.

Such is the announcement in our hands; and as this sale will no doubt not only attract the agents for public bodies, but many individual collectors to London, it gives us satisfaction to intimate these leading features for their guidance. As for common curiosity, there is also much to gratify that feeling, and we advise the Many to take a last view of this noble museum, which does infinite honour to the zeal and knowledge of the gentleman to whom it owes its existence.

## ÆGINA MARBLES, ETC.

(Concluded.)

A piece of news which is now circulated in Naples, proves that even the journey of the King of Spain to Naples was of some use to the Arts; he is said to have requested his brother that the Group of the Farnese Bull may no longer be exposed to the rain and to the waves of the sea, and to have prevailed to have this Group removed into the Museum of the Studi. I was lately again for a couple of days at Pompeii: the excavations proceed with extreme slowness, and are carried on with unpardonable negligence and great want of zeal in the cause, and with such great ignorance that this slow progress seems to me a real piece of good fortune for our descendants, who, if they do not go more carefully to work than is now the case, will at least learn more from what they spoil themselves than they can expect from accounts transmitted from our times. Only three years ago, there were in the Amphitheatre some well preserved paintings on the walls which explained the proceedings in the Games, and of which I at that time copied some parts: since then these paintings have been ruined; but nobody here has troubled his head about it. Some steps which led to the Temple of Venus were separated from the temple by the earthquake, before the city was overwhelmed, which gave this circumstance an historical value. Now these steps are again patched up with the temple, and thus folly continues to dispose of things respecting which it would be just to give an account to the whole world. Thus too in the Museum at Naples matters are so contrived that you have absolutely no information to expect, but what you gain by your own eyes.

In the Hall of the Vases, it is still more difficult for the friend of Art to suppress his indignation. In order to secure the vases from falling, they had begun to bore a hole in the bottom of some of

them, in order to put an iron pin through it. Another proof of the carelessness which is shewn in the excavations, is the quantity of things which are privately sold out of Pompeii; and of which you will see some with which a not entirely secret traffic is carried on at Naples. I would, indeed, advise any one, who has not a well practised eye, not to venture on the purchase of some articles, which certain persons, inspired by mean desire of gain, have succeeded in counterfeiting with great exactness.

A few days since I again (after an interval of eight years) ascended Mount Vesuvius, in order to accompany the Aulic Counsellor Leist; of which I am now very glad, for I believe that without this inducement I should have been content with having once ascended Vesuvius and Etna. By this second visit to Vesuvius, I have as it were reaped the fruit of my first visit; for instead of finding again my old Vesuvius, I met with a volcano that was wholly new to me. Many concurring circumstances richly rewarded this renewed toil. The mountain happened to be particularly quiet that night; we saw six eruptions, two of which were pretty considerable, during which we were in a shower of red hot matter, the largest pieces of which (these were indeed but few in number) were of the size of a large kneading-trough. The size of the pieces, which fell in considerable quantities near me, was about that of a loaf weighing three pounds. The large pieces fell partly about a hundred paces further from the crater than the place where we stood. As the sun was rising, we saw the moon going down pale over Ischia, and at the same moment was the most considerable eruption of all the six that we witnessed; a thunder-storm approached over the surface of the ice-grey sea, and the lightnings expired in the waves; a long shadow projected over the face of the ocean, shewed the whole pyramidal outline of Vesuvius, and we saw pictured in this silhouette, the smoke of the volcano waving over this pyramid. It is not to be denied that cases happen in which the traveller is evidently exposed to real danger; and I have convinced myself this time, that when Vesuvius is in earnest the guides lose their presence of mind as much as strangers. As a proof, I mention that one of the guides was really wounded in the hand by one of the falling pieces, and the flying with dread, against which they had before warned us, was first employed by themselves as a means of safety; while I, following their previous counsel, held down my head to save myself from the red hot stones, &c. that fell about my ears. This proves that in danger we can expect but little from the guides. We endeavoured to take advantage of the red hot matter as much as possible, by impressing pieces of money on it, which we took off when they were cold, and brought the impressions home with us.

Now that I have become acquainted with the collections of Medals at Florence and



Naples, I see with much satisfaction that my exertions during my travels in Greece, with respect to Medals, were extremely successful, being convinced how rich I am in many respects in Greek medals, in comparison with those public collections founded by Princes, and enriched by them during a period of two centuries.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## REMBRANDT PICTURE.

A very splendid specimen of Rembrandt, perhaps only second to his "Woman taken in Adultery," has been recently brought to this country, and is now in the Saloon of Arts (belonging to its owner, Mr. Gillow) in Bond Street. The subject is a "Burgomaster and his Guard;" and for colour and an extraordinary management of light and shade, this picture has few rivals, and no superiors in the whole circle of the Ancient Masters. As a composition too it stands on the highest ground, and there is a truth and individuality in all the portraits, with a beauty in some of them of the most admirable description. As this Gallery is not generally open, except, we presume, on application to Mr. G. we can only mention the fact of such a treasure being there, and leave it to the admirers of the Art to use their own influence to procure a sight of it. We can assure them it will reward their pains, being unquestionably one of the finest works of its kind, and of Rembrandt, in the world. There are in all about twenty-five figures; the Burgomaster in the centre, behind him a man firing a musket, the officers of the guard, a female immediately on the right of the principal figure, a drummer on the extremity of his left, and various spectators, all of whom are grouped and disposed in an admirable manner. The drummer, and the head of a gentleman a little beyond him, strike us as peculiarly happy—the former for attitude, the latter for exquisite finish. A man in armour on the other side is also a noble study. It is impossible not to be delighted with the surprising richness of the colouring, and the skilful management of all the tints of the pallet, so as to melt them into a harmony surpassing description, while they possess a vigour of the most glowing fervency. Of the chiaro-scuro we shall only say it is great even for Rembrandt!

## ENGLISH ARTISTS AT ROME.

Mr. Lane, the historical painter, has nearly finished, at Rome, an immense picture of the Angel appearing to Joseph and Mary when in Egypt. This work, we understand, has excited high admiration among the Roman artists; Canova, in particular, has procured permission for its author to exhibit it, when completed, in the Pantheon, and ensured him his diploma from the Roman Academy. A few years since, and the Italian *Virtuosi* would as soon have expected a great work of art from a Cal-

muc as from an Englishman: so strongly had prejudice entrenched itself, that even the energies of Reynolds and Barry had been marshalled in vain against the maudlin metaphysics of Winckelman and Dubois. Peace to these sapient drivellers, let them sleep with their systems! Our students are at length obtaining for us a glorious vindication, in extorting the admiration of the Italians by works performed before their own eyes, and planting the standard of their country in the very citadel of art.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## [Literary Gazette.]

## AN INVOCATION.

If at this silent midnight hour,  
Spirits have a power  
To wander from their homes of light,  
And on the winds of night  
To come, and to a human eye  
Stand visible, like mortality—

Come thou, the lost Marcella!—now—  
And on thy sunny brow  
Bear all thy beauty as of old;  
For I dare behold  
Whatever sights sublime there be,  
So I may once more look on thee.

Or be thou like a daemon thing,  
Or shadow hovering,  
Or like the bloody shapes that come  
With torch and sound of drum,  
Scaring the ruthless conqueror, I  
Will welcome thee, and wish thee nigh.

For I would talk of the famous brave—  
The dead, and their house the grave—  
And feel its wondrous silentness:  
And pity those whom none may bless,  
And see how far the gaping tomb  
Stretches its spectral arms—and hear my doom.

And I would know how long they lie  
On their dark beds who die,  
And if they feel; or joy, or weep,  
Or ever dare to sleep  
In that strange land of shadows—Thou  
Whom I do call, come hither—now.

But there thou art—a radiant spirit,  
And dost inherit  
Earlier than others thy blue home,  
And art free to roam  
Like a visiting beam from star to star,  
And shed thy smiles from skies afar.

Then soft and gentle beauty, be  
Still like a star to me,  
And I will ever turn at night,  
Unto thy soothing light,—  
And fancy while before thy eyes,  
I am full in the smile of Paradise.

[W.]

On a beautiful Portrait of LADY L. as HOPE,  
at Sir John Leicester's.

"Who nothing expects, stands a chance to be blest."

Sir John's House was not thought of when this  
was exprest,  
For, enter its circle with hopes howe'er fair,  
And the fairest of Hopes you'll find realised there.

CARDINE.

## TO A SISTER.

The soft gale of summer, tho' past,  
Will breathe of the rose it loved last—  
Thus, divided by land and by sea,  
My soul whispers fondly of Thee.

And to me thou art now as a star,  
In the deep blue of heaven—afar;  
On which, from the gloom of my lot,  
I can gaze—till my griefs are forgot.

And my spirit, full oft, when it turns  
From the cold hearted crowd which it spurns,  
Confesses with pain, yet with pride,  
It hath found but One like thee beside.

I may err—and have err'd—for a mind  
That finds not repose—nor can find—  
All helmless and havenless tost,  
Like a wreck on the ocean—is lost.

But oh! when most wild, or most weak,  
Let me think of the tear on thy cheek—  
And, as one from a serpent would start,  
My soul and her madness shall part.

I once sigh'd for the wreath that is wove  
Round the brow of the blest in their love;  
And I burn'd for the raptures that steal  
Thro' those hearts which are felt for, and feel.

I once hoped the proud laurel should bloom  
Ever green on my temple, or tomb—  
And I thought round this rude harp of mine  
An amaranth leaf might entwine.

Alas they were dreams that pass on  
Like a cloud o'er the moon, and are gone!  
For the stone that may tell of my name  
Shall speak not of fortune or fame.

Yet, dear one, tho' hopeless I be,  
Divided and distant from Thee—  
My lot shall not make me repine  
Whilst thy fondness and friendship are mine.

Farwell! with thy purity blest,  
Be still my own star in the west;  
For thy beam hath a passionate spell  
Which binds me to earth—Fare thee well!

Paris, March.

[EUSTACE.]

To the H'rter of some fine Lines, in the Literary  
Gazette, 'On the Death of a celebrated Artist.'

When Genius from its darkness springs,  
The world adores its blaze;  
But when the sudden twilight clings  
Around its sunbright phase,  
The world's cold eye deserts the spot  
Where last its burning lustre shot.

Who on the grave will gaze?  
Oh Woman! thy delicious eye  
Alone is truth and memory.

Love has its tear, but, HELEN, thine  
Was not Love's bitter tear.  
Thy heart is still an untouch'd shrine!  
'Twas Genius mourning there;  
A Vestal weeping o'er the urn  
Where Heaven's high rays no longer burn.

The sacred heart was clear,  
Tho' tears fell from that radiant eye,  
Like stars from Midnight's glorious sky.

If I must perish, while my soul  
Is yet but dream on dream;  
If, ere in bodied splendour roll  
My spirits' cloudy gleam,

It sinks like an extinguished sphere,  
My sole supremacy a bier—  
Let HELEN's dark eye stream  
On the cold sleeper in its gloom—  
My spirit asks no nobler tomb.

TRISSINO.

*On the Birth-day of an English Lady in India.*

There is a bond that spirits know,  
A spell that binds the soul,  
Deserts may spread, and oceans flow,  
But, far as pole from pole,  
Love, Love, its living watch will keep,  
Smile with our smile, our anguish weep,  
No—not a sigh that stole,  
In absence, distance, but shall find  
Its image in that kindred mind!

Between us on this birthday morn  
Swept sea and desert drear;  
But ANNA's heart at once was borne  
Across a hemisphere.  
She saw the fireside circle met;  
All that she loved,—wept—weepers for yet,  
And was in spirit there;  
And pined to wing the rushing main,  
Like a pent dove for home again.

The sun we saw this evening fade,  
This morning on her shone,  
The breeze may on her cheek have played,  
That touches now our own;  
At evening did not ANNA's sigh  
Breathe to the western sky—our sky?  
Nay, now, upon the zone  
Where in his pomp sits yon proud star,  
Turns not her gaze, like ours, afar?

Then her's be health and happiness  
Thro' many a lingering year,  
Whose image to our hearts we press,  
As if we saw her here;  
Oh that the tale, as swift as light,  
Could reach her, how we meet to night,  
To keep her memory dear;  
Not one by chance or fate removed,  
Of all who loved her, all she loved.

TRISSINO.

## TO THE SNOW DROP.

Joyous Herald of the Spring,  
Pretty Snow-drop, hail!  
With thee, modest trembler, bring  
Summer's balmy gale.

Com'st to tell us Winter's fled?  
Bright informer, hail!  
Welcome guest, why hang thy head,  
Why thy cheek so pale?

Dost thou droop thy head in woe,  
Poor glory of an hour?  
Since not the Summer's heat shall glow  
For thee, thou short-liv'd flow'r.

Thou art only come, alas!  
To tell us Spring is near;  
Like a fleeting shade to pass,  
Droop, and disappear.

Thus some son of Virtue may  
Tread his bright career,  
Guide by mild Religion's ray  
Erring Mortals here:

Ere his Winter toils are done,  
Or Summer hopes arise,  
Sinks he, youth and vigour gone,  
Points to heav'n—and dies.

1815.

HELEN.

## IMPROMPTU.

*The Painter's Defence.*

A Bride's likeness was painted, where only one  
hand

Was seen, to the critic's dismay;  
But the Artist, when blamed, cried "What would  
you permand?"

*She has just given the other away!"*—TEUTHA.

## MOON-LIGHT.

If any light I love, 'tis thine, sweet Moon,  
Purer and softer than the glittering noon.  
Ah, in what stage of life is aught more bright  
Than the Moon-light?

In Infancy the play is tenfold dear,  
All school-tasks o'er, enjoyed beneath thy sphere;  
And happy hours make many a fleeting night  
By the Moon-light.

In youth the Lover's dream is all of thee,  
Blest and sole witness of his ecstasy:  
Even with his Mistress' charms thou shar'st his  
plight,  
Conscious Moon-light.

In Age when nature's transitory gleam  
Expiring seeks a mild congenial beam,  
Dear thy repose, as Time rests from his flight  
With thee, Moon-light.

TEUTHA.

## BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF  
AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

"He was a good father, a good son, a good husband; a man of feeling and benevolence, a declared adherent of truth, an intrepid opponent of Napoleon, and defender of liberty against his tyranny, while others were silent; frequently a bitter, ironical writer, but who never spoke contrary to his conviction. And he was murdered. Wherefore? Because he differed in opinion from others, at a time when freedom of opinion and of the press is on all sides recognised and demanded as the highest good. By whom? By one consecrated to religion, to charity, and toleration. Where? In Germany; where assassination was hitherto almost unknown, and where detestation of assassination was considered as the fairest feature in the true German character."—*German Paper.*

The assassination of M. von Kotzebue has excited throughout Germany an extraordinary sensation of horror and indignation. From the particulars that have hitherto transpired, it is evident that he fell a victim to political fanaticism; but it seems not to be so certain whether the murderer acted from the impulse of his own perverted mind, or whether he was only a member of a league consisting of students who formally resolved on this sanguinary mode of vengeance. The daily prints have acquainted our readers with the contradictory statements on this point. Awaiting the information that will doubtless be obtained from the strict inquiries ordered by the Grand Duke of Baden, we present a short sketch of the life of this celebrated writer.

Augustus von Kotzebue was born March 3, 1761, at Weimar, where his father was Secretary of Legation, in the service of the Duke, and where his mother still lives. He was remarkable when quite a child for his vivacity and sensibility, and was not yet six years of age when he made his first attempts at poetry. His love of the dramatic art was early excited by the then very good company of players at Weimar, in which were the families of Seiler, Brandes,

Boeckh, and Eckhof. At this period Kotzebue attended the Gymnasium, where Musæus, afterwards his uncle, obtained great influence over him by his instructions and example. He was not quite sixteen years old when he went to the University at Jena, where his love for the drama found new encouragement in a private theatre. From attachment to his sister, who married in Duisburg, he went for a time to the University there; whence he returned, in 1779, to Jena, studied jurisprudence, without however ceasing to live for the theatre, and to compose various pieces. He soon after passed his examination, and became an *Advocate*. He now enjoyed the entire friendship of the worthy Musæus, and attempted, as he had already done, with Wieland, Goethe, Hermes, and Brandes, to imitate Musæus, an example of which is his "*I, a History in Fragments*." At Leipzig he printed a volume of Tales, and went thence in 1781 to St. Petersburg, whither he was invited by Count Goerz, Prussian Ambassador at that court. He became Secretary to the Governor-General Bawr; and the latter being charged with the direction of the German theatre, Kotzebue was again in his element. His first dramatic work, *Demetrius Iwanowitsch* (which is very little if at all known,) was performed with great applause in the German theatre at St. Petersburg, in 1782. An article, dated St. Petersburg, in No. 120 of the Hamburg newspaper for 1782, says, "This play is not a masterpiece, but in several parts it is admirable, and promises us that the author, who is now but 22 years of age, will be one day a great acquisition to the theatre and the dramatic art." But Bawr died two years after. As he had recommended Kotzebue to the protection of the Empress, he was made Titular Counsellor; and in the year 1783, member of the High Court of Appeal at Revel. In 1785 he was made President of the Magistracy of the Province of Esthonia, and as such raised to the rank of nobility. It was at Revel that his talents were displayed in a series of works, which made him the favourite of the public. His "*Sufferings of the Ortenberg family*" (1785,) and "*The Collection of his smaller Essays*" (1787,) first shewed in a brilliant manner his agreeable and diversified style; but it was especially his two plays, "*Misanthropy and Repentance*," and "*The Indians in England*," which gained the poet the highest reputation in all Germany. His ill health obliged him, in 1790, to make a journey to Pyrmont, where his ill-fated "*Doctor Bahrdt with the Iron Forehead*," which he published under the name of Knigge, lost him a great part of the esteem which the public had conceived for him. After the death of his wife he went to Paris, and then for a time to Mentz. He then obtained his discharge, and retired, in 1795, to the country, where he built the little country seat of Friedenthal, eight leagues from Narva, in Esthonia. The "*Youngest Children of my Humour*," and above 20 plays, belong to this period. He was then invited to Vienna, as poet to the



Court theatre. Here he published a great part of his "New Plays," which fill above 20 volumes. As various unpleasant circumstances disgusted him with his place at Vienna, he requested his discharge, after an interval of two years, and obtained it, with an annual pension of 1000 florins. He now went to live again at Weimar, but resolved to return to Russia, where his sons were educated in the Academy of Cadets, at St. Petersburg. Baron von Krudener, the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, gave him the necessary passport; but he was arrested on the Russian frontiers (April 1800,) and, without knowing for what reason, sent to Siberia.

A happy chance delivered him. A young Russian, of the name of Krasnopulski, had translated into the Russian language Kotzebue's little drama, "The Body Coachman of Peter the Third," which is an indirect eulogium of Paul I. The translation was shewn in MS. to the Emperor Paul, who was so delighted with the piece, that he immediately gave orders to fetch back the author from his banishment, and distinguished him on his return with peculiar favour. Among other things he made him a present of the fine domain of the crown, of Worroküll, in Livonia; gave him the direction of the German theatre, and the title of Aulic Counsellor. M. von Kotzebue has given a romantic account of his banishment, well known all over Europe under the title of "The most remarkable Year of my Life." After the death of Paul I. Kotzebue requested his discharge, and obtained it, with a higher title. He went to Weimar, where he lived a short time, and then to Jena. Various misunderstandings which he had with Goethe, vexed him so much, that he went in 1802 to Berlin, where he joined with Merkel to publish the Journal called *Der Freymüthige*. Kotzebue and Merkel wrote against Goethe and his adherents, Augustus, William Schlegel and Frederick Schlegel; and as M. Spazier, at that time editor of the "Journal for the Fashionable World," espoused the cause of the latter, there arose a very violent paper war. A more serious consequence of the misunderstandings between Kotzebue and Goethe was the removal of the Literary Journal of Jena to Halle, and the establishment of a new Literary Journal at Jena. In 1806 he went, for the purpose of writing the history of Prussia, to Königsberg, where he was allowed to make use of the archives. His work on the history of Prussia, published at Riga 1809, in four volumes, is certainly not an historical masterpiece, but deserves attention, particularly for the original documents printed in it. The year 1806, so unfortunate for the Prussian monarchy, obliged him to go to Russia, where he never ceased to combat the French and their Emperor with all the arms which a writer possessed of so much wit could command (particularly in his journal "*The Bee*."). The public in Germany were the more eager after his published works, as the French hardly permitted a free or bold expression to be uttered in Germany.

As under these circumstances his political writings had excited a very high degree of attention, he appeared, on the great change in the political affairs of Europe in 1813, to be peculiarly qualified to maintain among the people their hatred of the French. Raised to the rank of Counsellor of State, he attended the Russian head-quarters, and published at Berlin, a Journal, called "The Russian and German Journal for the People." In the year 1814, he went to Königsberg, as Russian Consul-General in the Prussian dominions, where, besides several political pamphlets, Comedies, and little Dramas, he wrote a history of the German Empire, which is said to be very partial. In 1816 he was placed as Counsellor of State in the Department of Foreign Affairs in St. Petersburg, and in 1817 received the commission to go to Germany, in order to send reports directly to the Emperor Alexander, *On the State of Literature and Public Opinion in Germany*. He settled, for this purpose, at Weimar, where he published at the same time a Literary Journal, in which he constituted himself judge of all writings in every branch of literature which he thought worthy of notice, and at the same time delivered his opinions on politics and on the spirit of the times in a manner which his opponents accuse of being in the extreme partial and illiberal. His Cossack-like tactics, say they, with which he made war on all liberal ideas, especially the wishes of the people for representative constitutions, freedom of the Press, &c. in the name of sound reason, of which he fancied himself the representative, gained him great applause with a certain class of readers. But it drew upon him the indignation of no inconsiderable part of the nation, particularly the ardent minds of the German youth; and in this tendency of his latest literary labours, we must doubtless look for the chief cause of his violent and tragical death.

In the Summer of 1818, M. von Kotzebue left Weimar, with his family, to recover his health in the baths of Pyrmont, passed on this journey through Francfort on the Maine, and chose afterwards Mannheim for his place of residence. There he continued his literary and diplomatic labours, violently attacked, in his Literary Journal, the *Gymnastic Exercises*, *The Abuse of the Freedom of the Press*, *The Assemblies of the States*, &c. and incensed in a high degree the German students, by concluding his observations on the well known tumultuous scenes at Göttingen last year, with the following words: "Truly every father who casts an anxious look on his sons, would heartily thank that Government which would set the example of banishing from its Universities the *Licence of the Students*; for in this academical liberty, as it is called, more good heads and hearts are ruined than formed," &c.

Kotzebue possessed a very distinguished physiognomy. His person was of the middle size, and extremely well proportioned. His eye was sharp and penetrating, his countenance expressive; his whole man-

ner shewed understanding, but also the consciousness of possessing it. In him has perished a man remarkable for a versatility of talent which few have possessed in an equal degree. Whatever may have been the motives of his assassin, however the ardent mind of the youth may have been worked upon by fanaticism, the deed he has committed cannot be contemplated without the highest detestation.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,  
OR  
SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.  
Second Series, No. XI.  
DISCOVERIES.

"You're a deep old file," said my impudent rattle-brained Nephew, the guardsman, on entering my apartment to-day. "You never told me a word about Lady Sentiment's match with her son's tutor; but I discovered it; and I have made a number of other discoveries. I have found out that Mrs. Willoughby paints both white and red; and that Lady Birmingham is a complete counterfeit, and wears not only false hair, but a complete row of false teeth. I have found out that Sir Brilliant Bellamy lives by play; that Lord John Pavison supports his establishment by horse-dealing; that the General is pensioned on a dowager; and that the Reverend Doctor Orthodox lives on credit, and on dealing in rare books. Mercy, what a number of ways and means our fashionable ones have! The minister's budget is a joke to it.

"But I say, how come you not to let me into the secret of this clandestine match?" "Why, Nephew," replied I, "because I was made a confidant in the business—because I never commit a breach of trust—because you are such a sieve, that there's no dependence on you—and, finally, because I would always rather listen and observe than converse and take the lead in company."

"It's the devil's own match," exclaimed the young gentleman. "I hate the whole race of tutors ever since I was at college. They are cursedly knowing chaps, all modesty and propriety—all sentiment and declamation, sententious observation and sonorous reading. Yet they have a nose like a pointer, for a turbot or a haunch of venison; and an eye like a hawk, for a deformed heiress, or a warm and restless widow. These fellows are the sappers and miners of families, and a deal more dangerous in their black coats than we are in our scarlet ones. These black cattle eat up the fruits of the earth, sip the sweets unperceived, cut the grass under our feet, and by —" with a great oath—

Here I stopped him. "You are too severe and unjust towards the clergy," said I. "Not at all; it is only the preceptors and family chaplains whom I mean," continued he: "I have no patience with them. These are your readers with pathos, your

reciters of voyages and travels, your amusing tellers of stories, your climbers up into trees to get fruit for the children, your cutters of sticks in woods—fellows whose unruffled tempers put up with refusals and slights, whose patience can stand a whole day's angling in a punt without a nibble, and who pass whole mornings in baiting a hook for the widow, or in drawing patterns for Miss Harriet, poor girl! who is so plain that the parson is her only chance at last. These are they who give the arm to a maiden aunt, and, when she is cut by all the beaux, support her ill graces in a country dance, or tickle her ear with flattery at dinner time—until my aunt thinks 'wedlock an honourable estate,' and so takes her twenty thousand pounds out of her family, and brings it into that of the *Domine*. The perseverance of these men, too, is most winning to a widow, who recollects that her poor dear last husband used to drink and swear, and rule with a rod of iron; nay, moreover, was unfaithful at times. Now the Reverend is none of these: he is temperate, mild, young, robust, as gentle as a pet rabbit, and seems to have no will of his own. Then again he knows and respects all her Ladyship's infirmities, her use of opium, her delicate health, her irritable temper, her late hours, her lying in bed all day; and she foresees that he will make breakfast for her, and read to her on her couch, and be, in fine, a most gentlemanlike uxorious domestic drudge. But sometimes the good lady is mistaken, change of fortune—

Here I again interrupted him. 'Pray,' said I, 'let us have a change of subject. Whence have you derived your discoveries respecting false teeth, and rouge, and artificial hair, and ways and means, with all these town secrets divulged to you at so early an age?' 'Why I get them,' said he, (combing his hair at a glass) from the Ladies. D— me, a good-looking fellow may find out any thing that he pleases; and I have now got such data to go upon, that I can tell you when a woman rouges or wears false teeth, without examining her age; and whether a man goes to the opera with a subscriber's ticket, or to his own box, or with his money in his hand, or with an order, and many other things well worth knowing. I assure you I am *put up* to many things.' 'You are vastly clever,' said I; 'but pray let me into the secret.'

"Well, first of all, you must know," said he, "that if a woman have artificial teeth, she will no more go near a dentist's with you, nor have her carriage stand at his door, than a dog afflicted with hydrophobia will approach a basin of water; whereas a woman who has a fine set of teeth is ever on the broad grin, and is delighted to take you to Ruspini's, that he may pass his compliments on them, and say that he never saw such a set, and how little want she has of him. The dentist attends the other lady privately!

"A woman who paints, will never call with you at a perfumer's, lest you suspect her of going there for rouge; and she is

careful how she gets too warm, and leaves you to admire her complexion; whereas the lady with natural rosy cheeks is always complaining how high her colour is, and wishing it were less so; and when returning from a ride, admires herself in the glass, and cries, What can make me look so red? I'm quite like a country girl—a mere blowse! what a state my hair is in, and what a farm-yard colour! I am quite ashamed of myself! Yet she is well convinced that her glossy tresses are most attractive, and that she is envied by half the women of her acquaintance, for her transcendent bloom.

"At the opera, a subscriber walks in with an air of being at home, of confidence and of consequence. He considers his box, or his share therein, as a passport to fashionable life, and he carries his head high above the crowd. The holder of a transferred ticket enters with minor importance. He has a certain air of complaisance about him, and an anxiety to be thought the actual subscriber; he looks less at home than the other man, who knows every thing by heart, and is an habitual attendant of the place. The ready-money man looks independent, but quite strange. His inquiring eye examines every thing, as if to get all that he can for his money. He probably goes but seldom, and is but half at home. The bearer of an order has an air of secrecy, of mystery, and of modesty, quite peculiar to the circumstances of his admission. He enters with the greatest privacy. If accustomed to the theatre, this person becomes quite at home when once seated, and is apt to explain for country gentlemen; but if it be a first appearance, silence and modesty characterise the whole of his behaviour."

He was now going to proceed with a detail of his ways and means acquaintance; but I stopped him. An engagement interfered, and we parted for that day. It might be supposed, from his boasted experience, that being familiar with all the snares in town, he would be able to escape every one; but the very reverse was the case; he was the dupe of both sexes; so that his acquired knowledge was of very little use to him. He amused himself, however, and a few friends with it; whilst they amused themselves at his expense.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY LANE.

THE ITALIANS.—The fate we anticipated in our last, as prepared by the Committee for the Italians, has come to pass. To Mr. Bucke's former causes of complaint, the bringing out of his play on Easter Monday, when the most admired stock-pieces are not suffered to be heard on a night dedicated to holiday noise and show-folks, is no small addition. Under all the circumstances of injustice which he had met with after the acceptance of his drama by the Committee, the real friends of Mr. Kean

and of the theatre were bound, in duty to the author, to the public, and their own character and interests, to have given him every opportunity of fair play, on the second night of representation. This was in the very outset to have been expected, even for the preservation of appearances; but it is plain that even while the vessel is sinking, there are some on deck still inclined to play the tyrants, and out-herod Herod in violence and folly. We understand that Mr. Bucke has been debarred of an author's usual privilege, of a few orders for his friends on the night of his play; although they were liberally distributed to others, he was not permitted to send in a single individual free, notwithstanding 50 orders are commonly allowed, and it was signified to him, as we are credibly informed, that he might have a place in the orchestra!!! as it were to place him in the front of all the disagreeable contingencies of the night. The house was very full, though not so crowded as the first night, many being, doubtless, deterred from going in consequence of the expected rioting. The party called the *wolves* had occupied the two or three first seats in the pit, where they gave early note of determined uproar and hostility. On the commencement of the first act the performance was interrupted. An opposition took place, and the cry of Manager, from all parts, drew forth Mr. Stephen Kemble, who, after a pause, addressed the house, bespeaking an *impartial* hearing for the play! The play was, after this, suffered to proceed, and received much approbation in many passages. The author's enemies were few, and evidently opposed to the sense of the audience. Towards the end of the fourth act, the party made a furious onset, and continued their *howling* with very little cessation, to the end. After the curtain had dropped, amidst a general uproar, a cry for the *Manager* again brought Mr. Stephen Kemble on the stage, where he stood for several minutes, amidst the outcries of "No Kean," "Fair Play," "A third night for the Italians," and the yelling of the wild beasts. The partisans of the Actor, who had passed sentence on the play, were resolved it should not survive his sentence. The apparent general sentiment in the pit was for Mr. Kean to fulfil the first promise held out to Mr. Bucke, that of performing the part of Albano, after his return from Glasgow. A gentleman being called on to express these wishes in writing, as every attempt to speak was useless, wrote on a large card, "When the Italians was accepted by the Sub-Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Kean was pledged to perform a principal part in it, and the Manager is now called on to engage his word that Mr. Kean will perform a part in it on the first night after his return to London." This card he handed forward with much delay and difficulty, to a person in the orchestra, who threw it on the stage, where it lay for several minutes at Mr. Kemble's foot. Several placards were handed forward from the galleries to the front of the pit. One of



them bore the inscription—"Will a British audience submit to be trampled on or dictated to by a low Actor, the creature of their favour and bounty?" Mr. Kemble at length picked up the card, and deliberately read it, after which he walked off the stage, and in a few minutes, to the astonishment of the audience, a board was advanced from behind the scenes, with an inscription announcing that *the Italians was withdrawn*. So far there was a propriety in omitting the usual words, at the desire of the audience, for most assuredly the Italians was withdrawn in opposition to the expressed wish of the audience. On the evident pre-concert between the parties behind the scenes, and the howlers in the pit, we shall at present make no remark. Unquestionably, we foresee that the dispute will not rest where it now stands, but that further contention will ensue the moment Mr. Kean returns to his duties, should he not, as it is reported to be his design, avoid the storm by proceeding to America.\*

\* The Morning Herald, a journal of as wonderful critical acumen as of surprising political versatility, has discovered an error in our last Number, which it announces with all the inflation of superior accuracy. It seems that in noticing the fact that the uproar by which the Italians was sacrificed, on the first night of its representation, took place at the commencement of the fourth act, we, having referred to the published play to assist us with the passages indistinctly heard in the confusion at the theatre, quoted several lines which, according to the Herald, Mrs. West chose to omit. This, strange to say, though asserted on the authority of the Morning Herald, may be true, and if so, we plead guilty to the minor offence of assigning the tumult to the wrong sentence, though perfectly correct as to the part of the play. We leave the Herald to make the most of this, and only desire that it will show as strong a desire hereafter to do us justice as to find fault with us; in the event of which it will not continue to pillage our poetry, intelligence on the fine arts, biography, scientific information, &c. &c. without the slightest acknowledgment, and pass those articles as original which, in common with several other honest contemporaries, it borrows so largely and so constantly from our pages. We beg further to intimate to these clever critics, that we had no intention to be witty upon the occasion alluded to, that *en passant* is not French, and that we recommend them to go to their grammar, we do not say return, because it is pretty evident the word would be misapplied by us, as it is by them when they advise the writer in the Literary Gazette to "return to his ledger," at which he happens, unfortunately, never to have been placed.

JANE SHORE: MRS. WEST. We can hardly venture to offer an opinion upon the Jane Shore of Mrs. West, played for the first time on Tuesday: It possessed certainly some points of considerable merit, and perhaps went a step beyond what may be called a respectable performance; but she was in general so miserably supported, that it is not easy to say how much better she might have acted had she been sustained and excited by corresponding talents.

ABUDAH, from the Tales of the Genii, was brought out here on Tuesday. It is rather

more dull than the Fortunatus at Covent Garden, and not half so splendid. Abudah, it is known, encounters sundry adventures in search of the talisman of Oromanes: these are retained in the drama, which has altogether an oriental aspect. And it gave us pleasure to observe that, like other wise men of the east, the managers had found out the Palace of Riches (scene vii.) the Genius of which, Mr. Ley, we recommend to their warmest friendship. It is unnecessary to trouble our readers with more of the fables of such school-boy productions.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.—This admirable play, a play which ought never to fall into disuse, was revived on Tuesday, with a new Hotspur and a new Falstaff; the former being assigned to Mr. Macready, and the latter to Mr. Yates, who made a favourable impression on the town last season, by his experimental performance of Iago. Henry the Fourth is a play without parallel for its dramatic construction. The alternations between Prince Hal and his dissolute companions, and the court and rebellious rising of Percy and his friends; the changes from the tavern to the palace, from the field where a purse to that where a kingdom is at stake; from the lowest buffoonery and dissipation to the gravest councils and action, are so exquisitely blended, that attention never flags for a moment; and by the most felicitous of all plots (one furnished by actual history,) the comic and the tragic are so naturally intertwined, that so far from finding it difficult to give way to scenic illusion, it is more difficult to fancy what passes to be an unreal creation of the poet's brain. But to give full effect to this exquisite drama, it is especially needful that all the characters should be well cast, and the principal parts in the hands of performers of the greatest discrimination as well as ability. One of the chief personages is Falstaff, one of the brightest conceptions of even Shakspeare's genius, but one upon which so much has been written, that we shall not risk tediousness by offering a single comment more than the representation of Mr. Yates elicits. This gentleman dressed the part appropriately, without caricature, and looked it, if not to the point at which imagination finishes the picture, at least sufficiently well to be free from censure. He also displayed a good notion of the fat Knight in two or three of the earlier scenes, and some skill in embodying his humours. But as the play proceeded, his deficiency became very apparent. The false tone of voice which he had of necessity assumed, often broke into his natural tone, and whole passages were given in a style more german to Bobadil than to Falstaff. Altogether, his performance was far too boisterous, his mirth too loud and obstreperous, his addresses to the pit too direct, his winking too common-place, and his whole demeanour incongenial with the idea of a sensual old man, cunning and

chuckling almost inwardly at his ascendancy over the prince, feebly though fully delighted with his own address, conscious of a sort of mental superiority, and replete with wit and humour of too high a class to descend to the clap-traps of grimace. All the finer features of Falstaff were indeed wanting, and we had a coarse copy of a masterly original, where the boisterous was substituted for the spirited, the broad for the finer touches, and mere mortal mimicry for the ethereal soul of Shakspeare. It is no disgrace, however, to fail, as Mr. Yates did in all the test scenes, in a part in which so few have succeeded. The talent he evinced was such as to entitle him to much praise, and we shall be glad to see him in characters better suited to his abilities.

Macready's Hotspur must raise his reputation higher even than it stood before, however fast the public opinion of his great merits may have mounted towards the standard at which we have long rated them, namely, at the very top with the few peers of his profession. Invidious comparison would do most actors of his age a wrong, but he is not to be injured by any comparison. When we say, therefore, that we think his Hotspur only inferior to John Kemble's in the zenith of his powers, we mean a compliment rather than a detraction. It is a manly, vigorous, and accurate delineation. In the scenes where he determines not to give up his prisoners, where he parts from Lady Percy, where he reads the letter disapproving of the plot, and where he is slain by the Prince, his performance was excellent, and there were throughout a multitude of noble touches, which flashed through the fire with which the whole was animated, and proved his title to the warmest applause. Nor ought we to pass unapproved, though more familiar to the public, Mr. Charles Kemble's delightful personation of Harry of Monmouth. The dignity with which he seemed to escape the contamination of his lowest associations, the fervour with which he embraced the better course, the grace with which he threw a charm over the various phases of the reveller, the robber, the jester, the repentant son, the burning warrior, and the modest and pathetic mourner for the fallen, did great credit to his skill and judgment, while he looked in every way "the true Prince." Miss Foote was a very sweet and captivating Lady Percy, and the rest of the dramatis personæ, with one or two trifling exceptions, did justice to their tasks. It seems a matter of small moment, but we should be glad to know why Percy and Sir R. Vernon are the only persons who arm for the battle, though the latter, in the beautiful description of the Prince, exceedingly well delivered by Mr. Abbott, speaks distinctly of his cuisses and armour. In playing Shakspeare, attention should be paid at a National Theatre to these minutiae. Poins was done by Mr. Farley, and the Carrriers by Messrs. Faucit and Treby, the latter of whom is pre-eminent for walking better upon his heels than any actor upon the stage.

**FORTUNATUS.**—A melo-dramatic spectacle, taken from Dekker's play of "Old Fortunatus," and very closely following that wild original, was produced on Monday for the holiday-folks: our theatres are very glad of the holiday excuses at Christmas and Easter, to get up shows which last out the season. And as a *show* nothing can exceed this piece; the scenery is such a mixture of beauty and splendor, as almost to surpass any preceding drama, and the machinery is really stupendous and magically perfect. Enchanted forests appear and disappear as if by enchantment; and the Wishing Cap seems in reality to possess the virtues attributed to it. To those therefore who admire, indeed all must admire, such magnificent efforts,—but to those who can admire them for two hours together, there never was a higher treat than Fortunatus. For ourselves, we confess we like the mind to share in the delectation of the eye, and were therefore rather tired than entertained by the spectacle. If we could have got hold of the Cap, we should have been at home in a trice soon after ten o'clock, instead of sitting in the theatre till twelve, though we witnessed the purse many times replenished, the struggles of Virtue, Vice, and Fortune, for the destiny of the hero, and the changes from Cyprus to Egypt, from Egypt to England, and from England we know not whither. In short, though we saw grand sights, in an uninteresting performance, we must pronounce it not "*first rate*," though built on the hull of a *High Decker*.

#### THE MINOR THEATRES.

These Theatres acquire more interest from the state of the *Major Houses*, which either from their size being injurious to acting, or from poverty, or from mismanagement, have become less attractive than in former times. The Italian Opera is not on the *highest footing* with regard to musical talent, nor even in the *ballet*; Covent Garden, with nearly "all the talents," is still running wild after spectacle, and seems to have forgotten Shakspeare; and Drury Lane—but nothing need be said of Drury Lane, except that it has confessedly sunk into an inferior rank, inferior in its prices, inferior in its performances, inferior in its company, whence one entire department, the opera, is banished, and all lovers of music sent to accustom themselves to the rival theatre, and inferior in every thing.

Under these circumstances, the public places which opened on Easter Monday merit more particular attention, and we shall make it our business to ascertain which of them produces the most rational amusements. At present we confine ourselves to a mere list.

**MR. MATHEWS AT HOME**, at the English Opera House, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. A little curtailment seems to be the only matter wanted here.

**ROYAL CIRCUS AND SURREY.** Of this Theatre, as well as the preceding, we have

lately had occasion to speak in terms of the highest admiration. It re-opened with a serious melo-drama founded on Douglas, a Harlequinade picnic called the Lambeth Pedlar, and a new serio-comic drama, entitled the Hermit of Mount Pausilippo. Several new performers, and Incledon, are announced.

**SADLER'S WELLS**, with the interior entirely remodelled and decorated. A farcical piece on the Poor Soldier, tight-rope dancing, a pantomime called the Talking Bird, in which Grimaldi *be-dizens* it, and a musical drama made out of Macbeth. "Much novelty (say the bills) in preparation."

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, ASTLEY'S.** A melo-drama of Amazons; leaping, tumbling, and horsemanship, and concluding with another grand melo-drama of a Russian national aspect, and called the Fatal Snow Storm.

**THE ROYAL COBBOURG**, with its ceiling raised. A Russian piece called the Land Storm, a musical burletta, and a Harlequinade, "*to be called Pope Joan*." The idea of this pantomime seems excellent.

**THE HAYMARKET** was opened for one night only, for the benefit of the Brighton and Windsor Manager, Mr. Grove, who it seems played Hamlet, to his wife's Ophelia.

#### VARIETIES.

The Russian Government is fitting out two Expeditions for scientific researches in remote seas. Each will consist of two ships; one of them is designed to make discoveries towards the North Pole. The Commanders are not yet appointed, but such an eagerness to partake in them prevails in the Navy, that above 60 Officers of the Imperial fleet have applied to the Minister of Marine to be employed.

Mr. Taylor, the platonist, observed lately in a convivial party, that the religion of the heathens was attended with this peculiarity: that the advocate for it, in consequence of denying the eternity of hell torments, and believing that future punishments are inflicted by divinity, as purifications of the offending soul, might with great benevolence say to a vicious person, "You may be damned, and the sooner you are damned the better." For, on this hypothesis, the sooner such a one is punished, the sooner he will arrive at his proper perfection and felicity.

**ANECDOTES** (From an unpublished collection of *Abbe Morellet*).—The painter, Vernet, relates that somebody had once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome in the entrance. But when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St.

Jerome is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the Saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the Saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he shewed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave." "But we do not see the Saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

Morand, author of *La Capricieuse*, was in a box of the Theatre during the first representation of that comedy; the pit loudly expressing disapprobation at the extravagance and improbability of some traits in this character, the author became impatient, he put his head out of the box and called, "Know, gentlemen, this is the very picture of my mother-in-law. What do you say now?"

Lord Albemarle being at Aix-la-Chapelle, wished not to be known, and desired his negro servant, in case he should be asked about him, to say that his master was a Frenchman. The negro was in fact asked, to which he answered, "My master is a Frenchman, and so am I."

The French wits sport a *bon mot* on M. Segur's work "*Les Femmes*," just republished in Paris, that will equally apply to Mr. Stannard Barrett's sweet poem "*Woman*," which we observe with pleasure has reached a third edition, in London. A gentleman being asked if he had read *Woman*, replied, "Yes, that subject and politics are the only two I have ever studied, and it is strange to say I never could understand either."

Some wits have propagated the following humorous repartee, which they attribute to an Englishman, whose wife died lately in Paris. He wished to have her interred in the burial ground of *Pere Lachaise*; but, alas! 250 francs was the price demanded for digging a grave six feet long. Grief is sparing of words:—the Englishman did not attempt to bargain; but drawing from his pocket two 20 franc pieces, he observed, with a sigh, *Well, well, she must be buried standing!* On hearing the above anecdote, the wicked Madame D—, whose husband is excessively economical, and furiously anti-British, observed, that from *national spirit* her husband would, in a similar case, have her buried sitting.

Formerly prefaces were written only for books and pamphlets; but, now-o'-days, it seems, fashion requires that they should be attached to musical compositions also. A *Grand Sonata*, composed by M. Callias, has lately been published, to which the following little dialogue is prefixed:—"*Sonata, what would you?*" said Foute-



jelle.—'I wish to be played with the grace, the taste, and the expression of Mademoiselle Henriette de Vert - - to whom I am dedicated by Jean Callias.' It is to be hoped, for the interest of the Author, that his Sonata is not *exclusive*, and that it will pay the same compliment to all young ladies who may wish to perform it.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Vienna paper mentions that M. Von Hammer has lately translated from the Persian into German, an ode written by the Shah of Persia, which was presented to M. Von Hammer, accompanied by a superb standard, when he was Ambassador to that country.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON IN THE HEAVENS,  
Wednesday, April 7.

Soon after 12 o'clock the upper part of a halo was formed of strong colours, edged with a remarkably vivid light (more so than ever I saw before). In a short time, about 10 deg. from its vertex, both East and West, it sent forth a second halo appearance, forming an angle with the strong halo of about 15 deg. whose sides were perfect about 6 deg. in length. Soon after, three parhelia were formed on the extremities, two to the West, and one to the East, making a very beautiful appearance.

The lower part now became faintly coloured:—It continued till about half past one, having sometimes two parhelia to the West, and one to the East, and then one East and one West. About two, the upper part totally disappeared, when only one fine parhelia to the East, and a faint colour below the Sun, was left for a short time.

Thursday, 8.—Thermometer from 40 to 54.  
Barometer from 30.02 to 30.12.  
Wind NE. and NW. 4.—Cloudy; raining most of the afternoon.

Rain fallen, 0.25 of an inch.  
Friday, 9.—Thermometer from 37 to 57.  
Barometer from 30.14 to 30.24.  
Wind N. and NW. 4.—Clear till noon, when it became cloudy, and continued so the rest of the day.

Rain fallen, 3 of an inch.  
Saturday, 10.—Thermometer from 33 to 64.  
Barometer from 30.20 to 29.94.  
Wind SW. 3.—Clear. A white frost in the morning.

Sunday, 11.—Thermometer from 39 to 55.  
Barometer from 29.65 to 29.52.  
Wind SW. 1.—Middle of the day clear; morning and evening cloudy.

Monday, 12.—Thermometer from 35 to 49.  
Barometer from 29.55 to 29.46.  
Wind SE. and E. N. 4.—Cloudy; and raining most of the day. Much lightning in the North about 9 in the evening.

Tuesday, 13.—Thermometer from 42 to 53.  
Barometer from 29.41 to 29.61.  
Wind NE. 1. and SW. 2.—Cloudy; much rain in the morning.

Rain fallen, 45 of an inch.  
Wednesday, 14.—Thermometer from 38 to 57.  
Barometer from 29.71 to 29.64.  
Wind SW. 2.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. We are compelled to postpone the insertion of many Advertisements; and have again to remind our friends that, with the exception of temporary notices, in this respect we strictly adhere to the order of priority in which their favours are sent.

By the pressure of matter we are also obliged to delay the conclusion of the critique on the Royal Minstrel; Letter from Stuttgart; Letter respecting the Print from Harlow's Kemble Family, from Mr. Cribb; Letter from an intimate friend of Kotzebue's; and many other intended publications.

The first Quarterly Part of the Literary Gazette for the present year, may now be had at any publishers or newsman's in town or country. By reprinting and repurchasing several Numbers, a few of the volumes for 1817 and 1818 have been made up, and may now also be purchased.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

## Distortions.

DR. WEATHERHEAD will commence his Spring Course of Lectures on the Distortions and Diseases of the Bones, on Monday next, the 19th inst.

Particulars to be had of Dr. W. at his house, No. 18, Upper Montagu-street, Montagu-square.

## Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

TICKETS, Price 3s. 6d. each, are now on Sale at No. 54, New Bond Street, where the Prizes are exhibiting gratis; also by Tomkins, No. 55, New Bond Street; Longman and Co. Paternoster-Row; Cadell and Davies, Strand; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheapside; P. Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street; and at the Lottery Offices, principal Booksellers and Printers; where Prospectus may be had, of

TOMKINS'S PICTURE LOTTERY of the BRITISH GALLERY OF PICTURES, &c. comprising 16,550 Prizes, valued at 192,935, to be decided by the Drawing of the State Lottery.

\*. This Lottery consists of highly finished Paintings from the most valuable Pictures of the old Masters, in the Collections of Noblemen and Gentlemen; a Set of Paintings faithfully representing the Marquis of Stafford's splendid Gallery; Fifteen exquisite Oil Paintings, by Hamilton, illustrative of Thomson's Seasons; beautiful Water Colour Paintings from the old Masters; several Thousand Impressions of Selections from the old Masters, exquisitely coloured; the same in black, Prints and Proofs; the Lease of the Premises, 54, New Bond Street, where the above Pictures are now exhibiting gratis, &c. &c. The whole forming a complete *Chef d'Œuvre* of the Arts.

| Schedule of the Prizes.              |              | £.      | s.         |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|---------|------------|
| 1 First Grand Prize - - - - -        | valued at    | 7,500   | 0          |
| 1 Second Grand Prize - - - - -       |              | 3,750   | 0          |
| 1 Third Grand Prize - - - - -        |              | 939     | 10         |
| 40 Capital Prizes - each             | 171          | 14      | 0 - 6,868  |
| 150 Ditto - - - - -                  | 71           | 8       | 0 - 10,710 |
| 1,000 Ditto - - - - -                | 85           | 14      | 0 - 35,700 |
| 40 Ditto - - - - -                   | 151          | 4       | 0 - 6,048  |
| 100 Ditto - - - - -                  | 25           | 4       | 0 - 2,520  |
| 399 Ditto - - - - -                  | 12           | 12      | 0 - 5,027  |
| 350 Ditto - - - - -                  | 8            | 8       | 0 - 2,940  |
| 1,000 Prizes - - - - -               | 6            | 6       | 0 - 6,300  |
| 4,000 Ditto - - - - -                | 5            | 5       | 0 - 21,000 |
| 9,466 Ditto - - - - -                | 4            | 4       | 0 - 39,754 |
| 1 Grand Capital Prize - - - - -      |              |         | 165        |
| 1 Last Grand Capital Prize - - - - - |              |         | 3,000      |
| 16,550 Prizes                        | Grand Total, | 192,935 | 19         |

## A Perfectly Novel Scheme.

One half of the Tickets are printed in Black, and the other half in Red Ink; and the drawing is so arranged, that one colour must be all Prizes, and the other colour all Blanks, so that the Purchaser of a Red Ticket and a Black Ticket is sure to gain a Prize.

## British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, will be opened on Monday next, the 19th instant. Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.  
(By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in Oil and Water Colours, will open their XVth Annual Exhibition on Monday, April 19th, at the Great Room, Spring Gardens. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.

COPLEY FIELDING, Secretary.

## Sale of the London Museum.

MR. BULLOCK respectfully announces to the Public, that the Sale by Auction of the Works of Art in the Roman Gallery at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, will commence on the 29th instant, and that of the Museum of Natural History on the following Tuesday. To be viewed three days previous. The Catalogues, without which no Person can be admitted, either to the sale or view, will be published in Parts, each containing six days sale, at 1s. 6d. each. The first and second Parts may now be had at the Museum, which will be closed in a few Days, previous to its arrangement for Sale.

## Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

THE object of this Institution is, by an appeal to public liberality, to extend RELIEF to DISTRESSED ARTISTS, whose Works are known and esteemed by the Public, as well as to their WIDOWS and ORPHANS—Merit and Distress forming the only claim to its benevolence.

The Subscribers and Friends to the Institution will celebrate the FIFTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL in Freemasons' Hall, on Monday, the 26th of May next, on which interesting occasion it is proposed to announce the Opening of the Funds.

H.R.H. the DUKE of SUSSEX, Joint Patron of the Institution, in the Chair.

## STEWARDS.

H. G. the Duke of Bedford  
Most Nob. Marq. Anglesia  
Most Noble Marq. Camden  
Most Noble Marq. Lansdown  
Rt. Hon. Earl Aberdeen  
Rt. Hon. Earl Ashburnham  
Rt. Hon. Earl of Hardwicke  
Rt. Hon. Earl of Manservants  
Hon. the Earl of Pomfret  
Rt. Hon. Lord Dundas  
Sir Thomas Baring, Bt M P  
Sir Geo. Beaumont, Bart  
Sir Benj. Hobhouse, Bart  
Sir John F. Leicester, Bart  
Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bt M P  
John Dent, Esq M P  
William Manning, Esq M P  
William Smith, Esq M P  
G. Watson Taylor, Esq M P  
J. T. Thorp, Esq Ald M P  
William Williams, Esq M P  
Hon. Douglas Kinnaird  
John Allnutt, Esq  
Henry Philip Hope, Esq  
Thos. Hope, Esq  
Sir William Beechey, R A  
W. R. Biggs, Esq R A  
F. L. Chantry, Esq R A  
Thos. Daniell, Esq R A  
James Farrington, Esq R A  
John Jackson, Esq R A  
Thos. Phillips, Esq R A  
M. A. Shee, Esq R A  
John Soane, Esq R A  
Thos. Stodhard, Esq R A  
J. M. W. Turner, Esq R A  
Jas. Ward, Esq R A  
Thos. Westall, Esq R A  
R. Westmacott, Esq R A  
D. Wilkie, Esq R A  
W. Daniell, Esq A R A  
Jas. Heath, Esq A R A  
J. S. Agar, Esq  
Robert Ashby, Esq  
Jos. Barret, Esq  
R. T. Bone, Esq  
Robt. Bristow, Esq  
J. W. Child, Esq  
Edward Conduit, Esq  
C. Corbould, Esq  
James Cundy, Esq  
J. H. Deacon, Esq  
Richard Evans, Esq  
C. V. Fielding, Esq  
John Glover, Esq  
J. S. Hayward, Esq  
T. C. Hoffman, Esq  
W. Linton, Esq  
J. Lonsdale, Esq  
Geo. Morant, Esq  
W. J. Newton, Esq  
G. R. Nuttall, M D  
A. Robertson, Esq  
J. Sawrey, Esq  
G. Vincent, Esq  
J. Vine, Esq  
C. J. Woodhead, Esq  
W. Woodburne, Esq  
H. Wright, Esq  
M. Wyatt, Esq

Dinner on Table at half-past Five.

Tickets 1l. 1s. each to be had of the Stewards; and at the Bar of the Craven Hotel, Craven-street, Strand, until Saturday, May 1. Application for Ladies' Tickets to the Gallery to be made to John Young, Esq. Hon. Sec. 63, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

## Private Tuition.

**PRIVATE FAMILIES**, and Ladies Schools, in London, and its vicinity, are attended by a Gentleman of respectability.—*Subjects:* The rudiments of the Latin; Writing and Arithmetic, Geometry and Algebra, Geography, Astronomy, and the use of the Globes. References the most satisfactory will be given; and cards of address may be obtained by application to Messrs. Pinnock and Maunders, 267, Strand.

## New Publications.

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